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MAY 23, 1960

The Summit

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXV NO. 21



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LETTERS

No Freedom from Religion

Sir:

When Richard Nixon said that religion could be a legitimate issue in the campaign if one of the presidential candidates "had no religious belief," it evidently slipped his mind that the Constitution of the U.S. nowhere disqualifies an atheist or an agnostic from holding office.

CHALMERS S. MURRAY

Edisto Island, S.C.

Sir:

It seems that we have freedom of religion in the U.S. but not freedom from religion.

CARMEN C. CALESIBETTA

Syracuse

Sir:

The current rhubarb over religion relative to the presidency reminds me one that of the discord and turmoil and inhumanity among humans originates with religious people. On the average, the skeptical and the pious seem equally to have failed to emerge from their primitive caves; as to human qualities, there seems to be but little choice between them.

FRED N. KERWIN

Grand Rapids

Sir:

The more I read of Americans, the more I am convinced that George Bernard Shaw was right, when he said: "The Americans are the only nation to leap from barbarism to decadence without becoming civilized." Today the great Statue of Liberty is just a mockery because you are undoubtedly the most bigoted, narrow-minded and sadistic race in the world, both in your intolerant and unjust attitude toward the colored race in your midst, and your intolerance toward any religion except the one you think is right—self-worship.

AILEEN CONNOLLY

Dublin

"Unpack"

Sir:

Thank goodness for your April 18 article, "The Defeat of the Happy Warrior." It's about time someone dispelled the popular belief that Governor Smith's Roman Catholicism alone caused his defeat. I agree wholeheartedly that no Democrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt included, could have won over Hoover. The Republican Party at the time was riding the crest of the prosperity wave which would have swamped any opposition.

RALPH WATERS

Floral Park, N.Y.

Sir:

When Alfred E. Smith acknowledged his defeat for the presidency in 1928, he immediately, so the story goes, cracked that he would send the Pope a cable: "Unpack."

MRS. RICHARD MANAHAN

Rochester, Minn.

¶ Says Emily Smith Warner, daughter of Al Smith, who campaigned with him in '28: "I know that when I used to ask him whether certain quotes were correctly attributed to him, he'd say, 'How was it received?' I'd say, 'Oh, wonderfully.' He'd say, 'Then I said it.'" Whether he said this one or not, he probably would have claimed it.—Ed.

Grading in Alaska

Sir:

The May 2 article "Upgrading in Alaska" presents a very inaccurate picture of the University of Alaska and does us a great disservice. I am sorry that your writer sacrificed factual information for sensational statements.

ERNEST N. PATTY

President

University of Alaska

College, Alaska

Sir:

President Patty may feel that beards, Levi's and mukluks are out of place here, but here are a few of the unquashed beard wearers



Chuck Deehr

on campus. Civilization, with its group conformity, has not taken over this campus yet, and we are neither shaving nor going to Point Barrow.

EUGENE M. WESCOTT

University of Alaska

College, Alaska

Sir:

Besides watching *Maverick*, the boys spend the long 30-below-zero nights dreaming up tall tales to intrigue the tourists, come summer. Choice tales of yesteryear, apparently now out of circulation, related how we relished ice worms for breakfast, how we mined gold with aureal (aurora borealis) energy, and how our engineering students built the Klondike.

One of my own stories, vintage of '35: here we use "Eskimo π ," numerical value 3,000, somewhat smaller than elsewhere because of cold-weather contraction.

WILLIAM R. CASHEN (class of '37)

Professor of Mathematics

University of Alaska

College, Alaska

The Execution

Sir:

It is certainly an incredible sign of the times when such value is placed on the life of one such person as Chessman. The hue and cry that has blasted up over the fate of one who is little more than a mad dog, by nations all over the world whose all too recent pasts produced no protest over the torture and imprisonment of hundreds of thousands of innocents—leaves one pretty disgusted at the state of affairs. Has sensationalism so completely taken over in the world that we have so quickly forgotten the hateful, drawn-out agonies of the Jews in Europe or the blacks in Africa and can get so excited over one despicable criminal?

ELISE SWARTZ

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Nothing since the end of World War II has smeared the U.S.'s name more than Chessman's twelve-year-delayed execution.

V. E. RAGONESI

Valletta, Malta

The Full Nelson

Sir:

Re your May 2 story on Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller's success in getting a contribution for Wellesley's fund-raising campaign from husband Governor Nelson Rockefeller: we are an illustrious, independent school educating kids aged 2-17, one-third on scholarship, all colors and creeds. We are busily engaged in raising \$2,000,000 for a desperately needed new school. We love Tod, and submit our bid:

*Dear Tod, we like your savoir-faire
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You twist your ring and state your wish.
The genie bears: Voilà, a champ.
The oil doth pour from Nelson's lamp!
And so, dear Tod, we ask you please
To join the ranks of our trustees,
So you can use the lovely bite
Which leads to Nelson's Kindly Light.*

E. M. RAY

Francis W. Parker School

Chicago

Fee Vee

Sir:

The article in the issue of April 25 concerning pay television has finally evolved from a mere comment. There is no such animal as "free" television. The differences of opinion will be resolved if Americans are asked to choose not between "free" and "pay-as-you-watch" television, but between sponsors paying and the public paying directly.

H. JACKSON DORNEY

Miami

A Question of Stature

Sir:

Your Press editor refers to Harry F. Reutlinger of the *Chicago American* as a "middle-sized (5 ft. 6 in.) man," while your Music editor says that Pianist Shura Cherkassky is "short (5 ft. 6 in.)."

How come this conflict of definition? Is the Press editor a middle-sized, 5-ft. 6-in. man? Or is the Music editor a six-footer who looks down on short, 5-ft. 6-in. people?

BETTY RADMACHER

Linn, Mo.

¶ Time's 5-ft. 8-in. Senior Editor for Music feels that 5 ft. 6 in. is short; Time's 6-ft. 4-in. Senior Editor for Press, whose wife is 5 ft., feels that 5 ft. 6 in. is "middle-sized."—Ed.

SIR:

REUTLINGER'S CHALLENGING NEW POST AS MANAGING EDITOR (SUNDAY) IS NO PASTURE, BUT WILL DEMAND SAME ENERGY AND VERVE THAT HAVE LONG MADE HIM A TOP NEWSMAN.

E. P. DOYLE

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

CHICAGO AMERICAN

CHICAGO

Ladies & Palettess

Sir:

Your May 2 article on and pictures of Artists Frankenthaler, Hartigan and Mitchell are the straws that finally cracked my aching back. No one would pay money to hear a



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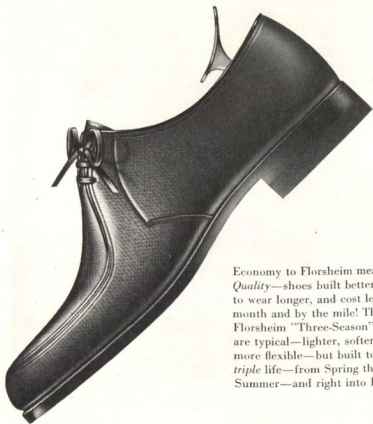
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"primitive" violinist. Writers who have never learned the basic rules of syntax and spelling are published only as a joke. Why, then, should painters who have never mastered the simplest techniques of pictorial representation be given so much attention?

FRANK KASTNER

Philadelphia

Advice & Consent

Sir:

Adam Clayton Powell couldn't have described himself more aptly than as "an irritant" [May 2]. He has succeeded in irritating many people, including myself, into a reconsideration of the Southern racial viewpoint. The fears of many Southerners become much less than absurd when one reads of the exploits of this bullying, anti-white opportunist. In my opinion, he has set the cause of the Negro back considerably.

JAMES MAHER JR.

Floral Park, N.Y.

Sir:

As regards the item concerning me:

- 1) Never been called "Big Daddy" by anyone.
- 2) Government did not prosecute "happily"—they tried viciously but had no case.
- 3) I never said, quote, "I am not a Negro."
- 4) My mother, Mattie Schaefer, never attempted in the famous Philadelphia Schaefer suit to prove her relationship to Colonel Schaefer.
- 5) I never bought "expensive" clothes. No suit cost more than \$75, and most of them are restyled double-breasted, vintage 1945-1950.
- 6) I do not "tack on the Powell Amendment at every opportunity," see the *Congressional Record*.
- 7) Wow!—"the most unpopular man in Congress."
- 8) No "small-bore eyes" in the drama of desegregation. The quote used was only in connection with lawmaking.
- 9) The "capacity to become a worthy leader"—am always ready to listen to advice.

Many thanks for everything.

ADAM C. POWELL

Bayamon, P.R.

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PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

Portrait of a First Family in Scotch

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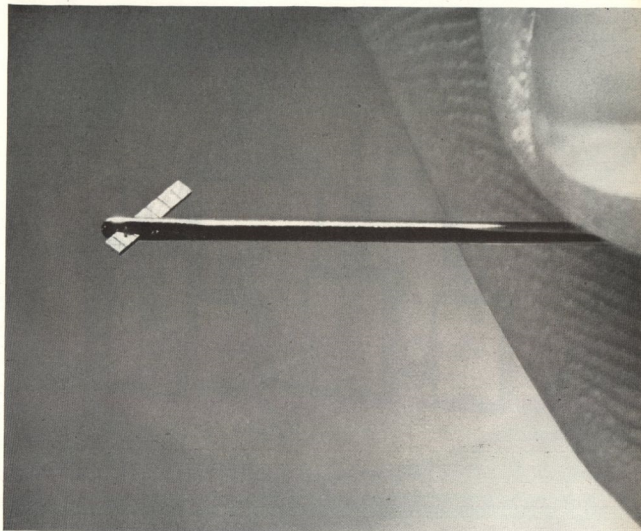
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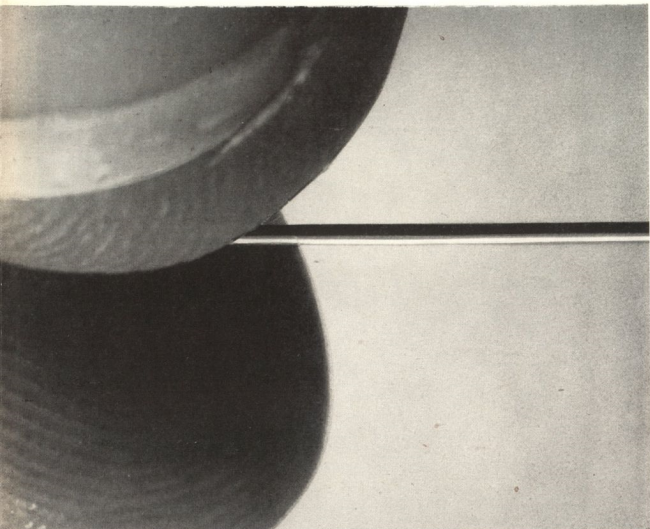
Basic building block for compact, electronic "thought savers" will serve you in your office, in defense—someday, in your home

Today, science not only is working on labor-saving devices—but on *thought-saving* devices as well.

These "thought savers" are electronic computers—wonder-workers that free us from tedious mental work and are capable of astoundingly rapid computations. Naturally, the more *compact* these computers can be made, the more applications they can have. Not only in industry, defense and research—but in the office and ultimately in the home.

A big advance has recently been made by RCA research towards making these "thought savers" smaller than ever before, for broader than ever use.

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Needle's eye holds electronic "brain" cells—Magnified photograph shows how new RCA "logic" element can be contained in the eye of an ordinary sewing needle.

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TIME, MAY 23, 1960

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

BRITISH Cartoonist Ronald Searle, who
drew this week's summit cover (his first
for TIME), is recognized as one of the best
of Great Britain's talented covey of car-
toonists. Searle won a national reputation
before he was 30 for his madcap cartoons
of "St. Trinian's Girls' School," whose
bloomered, black-stockinged, altogether
fendish young ladies roasted oxen in their
rooms, made dissenters walk the plank,
fried machine guns down the halls ("Girls! Girls! A little less noise
please"). He spread his humor through weekly features for *Punch* and
London's *News Chronicle*, including a cartoon-strip parody on Ho-
garth's *The Rake's Progress*, and illustrations for books and magazines.

SEARLE SELF-PORTRAIT

Now, at 40, Searle is developing his more serious side (he con-
veniently blew up St. Trinian's with an A-bomb). He prefers to be "some-
thing of a roving reporter," recently completed a distinguished book
on Europe's refugee camps. As for the Big Four at the summit, he
painted each conferee as he saw the man's position, and "put that
incredible public-relations man Khrushchev in front."

To report this week's cover story, TIME called on key men in five
bureaus. After ferreting out and assessing the issues at the approach
to the summit, they moved on to Paris to watch every maneuver and countermove. White House
Correspondent Charles Mohr followed President Eisen-
hower in from Washington; London Bureau Chief
Robert Manning was on hand when Prime Minister
Harold Macmillan arrived; Moscow Bureau Chief
Edmund Stevens came to concentrate on Khrushchev,
Bonn Bureau Chief John Mecklin to watch the
German side of the story. Paris Bureau Chief Frank
White not only followed the French position but
also coordinated the whole operation. From their
well prepared positions, they were all set to report
in depth to TIME's editors in New York on the sud-
den explosion at the summit.

WHITE

SEN MARTIN



STEVENS

SEN MARTIN



MANNING

SEN MARTIN



MECKLIN

ROBERT LACKENBACH



MOHR

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Eruption at the Summit

The high-powered international diplomatic pressure generated by the May Day U-2 intelligence flight over Russia by U.S. Pilot Francis Gary Powers erupted spectacularly this week at the Big Four summit conference in Paris.

Sitting across the table from the President of the U.S., Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev vented a bitter attack on the U.S. and on Dwight Eisenhower. He withdrew his invitation to the President to visit Russia next month. He demanded an apology for the U-2 flight, threatened to break up the summit conference unless

fact that all last week the U.S. took the firm position that, in the circumstances of the cold war, it had a right to defend itself against surprise attack by intelligence activities. This policy was laid down first by Secretary of State Christian Herter in a formal statement. "The Government of the United States," said he, as he prepared to go to the summit, "would be derelict to its responsibility not only to the American people but to free peoples

ties in Congress closed ranks behind it. In the Senate, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson said: "Espionage and intelligence gathering are not something that cause the cold war. Nikita Khrushchev cannot use this incident in such a way as to divide the American people and to weaken our national strength. The American people are united in a determination to preserve our freedoms, and we are not going to be shaken from that course."

In the House, Missouri Democrat Clarence Cannon, a trained lawyer, brought his colleagues to a standing ovation by revealing that his special subcommittee on appropriations had secretly approved the U.S. overflights of the U.S.S.R. from

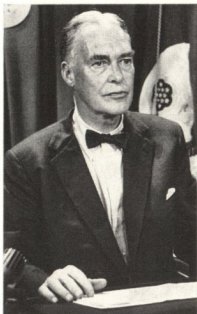


Jim Mahan
SENATOR JOHNSON

the U.S. would promise to punish all responsible for the flight and promise that all such overflights cease. He suggested, in the kind of face to face insult that strained even cold war diplomacy, that the summit should be adjourned until the U.S. could elect a new president.

The President accused Khrushchev of coming all the way from Moscow to Paris to deliver an "ultimatum" and to "sabotage" the summit meeting, yet offered to meet with him in a private two-way conversation to try to save the summit. But Eisenhower assured Khrushchev that U.S. intelligence overflights had been suspended "and are not to be resumed." Then the President disclosed that he intends to go to the United Nations with a new plan for aerial inspection of all countries to guard against surprise attack—a plan similar to his "open-skies" proposal made to the 1955 summit conference at Geneva, which Russia has repeatedly and emphatically turned down.

Right to Look. The summit eruption was brought on not only by the U-2 flight itself (see following story), but by the



Paul Schutzer—Life
SECRETARY HERTER
Risk and responsibility accepted.

everywhere if it did not, in the absence of Soviet cooperation, take such measures as are possible unilaterally to lessen and to overcome this danger of surprise attack. In fact, the U.S. has not and does not shirk this responsibility."

When Khrushchev responded with a threat to "strike" and "hit" at any nation that provided an airbase for such U.S. intelligence flights, the State Department replied that the U.S. would defend any foreign nation whose bases were so attacked.

"Utmost Confidence." Herter's proposition was recognized from the beginning as straining the bounds of international law (see box, next page), and promised a briefcase full of problems. But both par-

ties the very beginning, and by praising President Eisenhower, "in whose military capacity [we] have the utmost confidence."

The President told his press conference that the real cause of world tension is not the U.S. policy of high flights but the Soviet "fetish of secrecy and concealment" behind which the U.S.S.R. could prepare a large-scale attack without detection. "No one wants another Pearl Harbor. This means that we must have knowledge of military forces and preparations around the world, especially those capable of massive surprise attacks. Secrecy in the Soviet Union makes this essential . . . Ever since the beginning of my Administration, I have issued directives to gather in every feasible way the information required to protect the United States and the free world against surprise attack and to enable them to make effective preparations for defense."

The secret operations are "supervised by responsible officials," he went on. "We do not use our Army, Navy or Air Force for this purpose, first to avoid any possibility of the use of force in connection



Walter Bennett
CONGRESSMAN CANNON

with these activities, and second, because our military forces cannot be given latitude under broad directives but must be kept under strict control."

Common Cause. The right-to-spy proposition had its domestic critics from the beginning. Adlai Stevenson recognized the need for intelligence but asked: "Is it possible that we, the United States . . . could do the very thing we dread: carelessly, accidentally trigger the holocaust?" Columnist Walter Lippmann kept up a running battle from the legal flank: "To avow that we intend to violate Soviet

sovereignty is to put everybody on the spot . . . The avowal is an open invitation to the Soviet government to take the case to the United Nations, where our best friends will be grievously embarrassed."

Nikita Khrushchev did threaten last week to take the issue to the U.N. But the first hours of the summit conference this week proved that his goal was not so much discussion of issues as massive propaganda. And if he wrecked the prospects of meaningful high-level international negotiation in the process, he did not much seem to care.

DEFENSE

Tracked Toward Trouble

For a man whose profession was synonymous with secrecy, Pilot Francis Gary Powers continued to be the most-talked-about man of the week—in the U.S., in allied countries and in Russia, where his pictures were plastered on exhibition walls and where he would soon oust both Dwight Eisenhower and Mark Twain as the best-known American. Bit by bit, a more complete story of his ill-fated U-2 jet flight to Sverdlovsk emerged from

LAW IN THE SKY

What Are the Rights of High Flight?

WHEN the U.S. proclaimed that it has a defensive right to fly high in the sky above Communist territory, it entered into an area of international law as unexplored and uncertain as outer space itself. Says International Lawyer and Political Scientist Hans Morgenthau of the University of Chicago: "There are no legal precedents for such flights."

The U.S. now finds itself in a grey area between war and peace, in a time when old codes are frequently stretched or violated. In the past cold-war decade, Soviet or Red Chinese combat planes have attacked and gunned down half a dozen U.S. patrol planes, several of them well outside Communist borders. The cost: at least 28 U.S. lives. The penalty paid by the Soviets, despite U.S. protests to the World Court: none. In West Berlin, refugees are kidnapped by Communist agents and smuggled behind the Iron Curtain—beyond the reach of Western law. Considering these cold-war realities, does the U.S. have a legal or moral right to bend or break the generally accepted rules covering sovereignty and flights over national borders? The nation's ultimate position hinges on the answers to other questions:

Is espionage legal?

All countries have spies. International law holds spying legal and moral. But no international law protects a captured spy. He has no rights. Usual penalty for wartime spying: death.

Are frontiers held inviolable?

Invasion of another state's frontier is a well-established, old-fashioned breach of international law.

Do frontiers extend into the sky?

All nations agree that a country's territorial rights extend above its land. But that agreement is fairly new—dating from World War I, when man began to appreciate the potential of the airplane as a weapon of combat and reconnaissance.

How high does sovereignty go?

Some legal experts contend that sovereignty ends with the last trace of oxygen—more than 600 miles up. Others note that the three-mile limit at sea was fixed by the range of oldtime land-based guns, figure that the same measure of "effective control" can be applied to the air. By that gauge, a surveillance plane flying at 80,000 ft. could penetrate the U.S.S.R. without violating sovereignty, because so far as is known, no Soviet land-based rocket, missile or plane could touch it.

If the U.S. claims the right to fly over the U.S.S.R., would it have to allow Soviet spy planes to fly over the U.S.?

The Russians would have a strong case. The State Department seeks to deflect it by reminders that President Eisenhower has been working toward an internationally recognized right of overflight in his "Open Skies" plan offered at the 1955 summit conference in Geneva.

Would U.S. defenders now fire upon any Soviet recon-

naissance planes if they were caught over U.S. territory?

Yes, unless the pilot agreed to land and surrender himself and his craft.

Is there a legal difference between an unarmed reconnaissance plane and an unarmed reconnaissance satellite, such as the U.S.'s Tiros?

Plenty. No nation has claimed sovereignty over outer space, where satellites spin. The Soviets have not complained about the well-publicized fact that Tiros takes pictures of Soviet territory. One reason is that Soviet satellites have certainly passed over U.S. territory (though the U.S.S.R. has no picture-taking Tiros types in orbit). Thus the U.S. can make a legal argument that the U.S.S.R. has accepted satellite orbitings by "custom."

Is there a recognized law of self-defense?

International law recognizes self-preservation as a fundamental right. For centuries the self-defense argument has often been used—and sometimes abused—to justify actions of one nation against another.

Can the U.S. legally spy in the sky for self-defense?

Lawyers disagree—sharply. Says Milton Katz, director of international legal studies at Harvard: "The argument of self-defense is difficult to maintain if we're not at war." But other students of international law hold that in the age of hydrogen weapons, when nations can be devastated in a single strike, there is indisputable equity in the position taken by the U.S. Government; yet the Soviets could also claim the equal self-defensive right to shoot down any foreign-spy planes, since radar men on the ground cannot distinguish an unarmed surveillance plane from a plane carrying a hydrogen bomb.

Does Soviet Russia recognize international law?

Rarely. It has never accepted the jurisdiction of the World Court. It was one of the few major nations that declined to sign the 1944 Chicago Convention on International Civil Aviation, which says "every state has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." It has questioned whether any treaty with a capitalist nation is binding on a Communist country.

At its best, the body of international law is incomplete, inconsistent—and sometimes incomprehensible. But the U.S. has pledged to support and contribute to a world rule of law. The challenge facing the U.S. is to clarify existing law and to lead the way in expanding the law to cover new situations. In laying down his argument for the U.S. right to defend itself from surprise attack by intelligence activities, Secretary Herter may have contributed to that expansion. Columbia University's Professor Philip Jessup believes that the only practical solution is for the U.S. and its allies to declare "a state of intermediacy"—something between war and peace—and lay down laws to regulate it, just as there are separate laws for war and peace.

the grim, grey silence of international espionage.

Weather Watch. Powers took off from the U.S. Air Force base at Incirlik, near Adana, Turkey, April 27, flew to Peshawar, Pakistan. There he fidgeted nervously, waiting to leave on his biggest mission ever. The demands of diplomacy scarcely figured in the delay; he was looking for perfect weather. He was watching for that rare day when everything would be ideal, when winds aloft promised the necessary boost along the 3,500-mile flight across the Soviet Union toward Norway, when cloud cover would be at a minimum and there would be so little moisture in the upper air that his plane would not form giveaway contrails.

Just five days after he landed at Peshawar, Powers got the go-ahead and took off. Friendly radars tracked him as far as they could across the Soviet frontier; then a U.S. radio watch tuned in on Soviet defense frequencies. The chatter of frustrated Russians was familiar and reassuring to the U.S. monitors as the intruder was passed from one Russian military zone to another. U-2 penetrations were no secret to the Soviets; Powers and other pilots had made them often during the past four years. The Russians had fired rockets, but the rockets had fallen short at some 60,000 ft.; MIG fighter planes had flashed after them and had mushed helplessly at the same altitude, well below the U-2's lofty sanctuary of 80,000-100,000 ft.

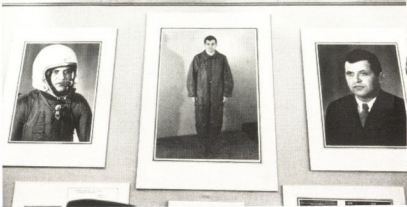
Direct Hit? This time the pattern changed. Over Sverdlovsk in the Soviet Urals, where his flight plan called for a half-left turn to take him northwestward toward Norway, Powers suddenly ran into trouble—probably an engine failure. "He's coming lower," said excited Russian radio-men. Listeners at U.S. outposts hung helplessly on every word while Russian anti-aircraft batteries chattered tersely about the enemy plane spiraling downward into range. When the U-2 dropped to 40,000 ft., the Russians stopped talking.

Proudly, the Russian press later reported how a "rocket rushed into the stratosphere with a powerful roar," how "fragments of the foreign-spy aircraft fell through the rays of the May sun." In an effort to prove that a Soviet rocket had scored a direct hit, Khrushchev himself displayed the picture of a thoroughly wrecked plane, at the same time showed off high-altitude pictures of Soviet installations which he said had been recovered from the U-2's cameras. This raised an obvious question: How had the cameras survived such a splintering crash?

The Soviet press had no more trouble changing its tune than the U.S. State Department had forgetting its original "weather-flight" fantasy. The rocket, said a Moscow dispatch, had exploded under the U-2's tail, damaging the ejection seat. Pilot Powers had ridden his crippled ship down to 40,000 ft. before bailing out. Presumably, the Russians were claiming that the ship then fluttered in for a not-too-damaging crash landing on its own. Whether it did, or whether Powers flew his

ЛЕТЧИК СБИТОГО САМОЛЕТА США ФРЕНСИС ГАРРИ ПАУЭРС

POWERS FRANCIS GARY THE PILOT OF THE SHOT AMERICAN PLANE



PHOTOS OF U.S. PILOT POWERS IN MOSCOW DISPLAY
Out of the plain necessity of espionage.

plane all the way down, this version neatly demolished Khrushchev's story that Powers had been afraid to pull the pin on his ejection seat for fear that it had been rigged to kill him.

Told to Talk. Despite such discrepancies, there was no doubt that the Russians had bagged the U-2. They had Powers, and they displayed some convincing wreckage. The long, gliderlike wings were remarkably intact. The Pratt & Whitney J57 jet engine was easily identifiable, as were the U.S. manufacturers' labels on cameras and electronic gear. Along with the varied supply of foreign money that Khrushchev had reported in the captured pilot's possession, the Soviets also laid out a pistol, a tube of morphine, a flashlight, a half-pack of Kent cigarettes, a Social Security card (No. 230-30-0321), a couple of pocketknives, Powers' suicide needle, they said, had been tested on a dog,

and the animal had died in 30 seconds.

They had Powers' "confession," too ("I plead guilty to the fact that I have flown over Soviet territory"), but any suggestion that his prompt admission marked him as a defector was quickly denied in Washington. In an age of such sophisticated third-degree methods as "truth serums," agents are taught to recognize the inevitable—and talk. Powers, for one, had little to tell beyond his own personal history. He had been trained as a pilot, not a spy. His instruments did his snooping for him.

Cover Story. Neutral intelligence experts, while admiring the daring of Powers' mission, cocked an eyebrow at what they considered poor U.S. intelligence planning. Obviously, the U.S. was using as a "cover" the story that the U-2 was engaged in weather-reconnaissance work. This story may have placated allies in case of U-2 trouble, but it was bound to fall apart if both plane and pilot were captured. Conventional cloak-and-dagger types argued that the U.S. should have kept a discreet silence in the face of all talk about the U-2. They wondered, too, why the U.S., if it really wanted to ensure against detection, could not have subcontracted the job to a foreign pilot without a country, perhaps a refugee from a Communist satellite.

But such subterfuges would probably not have satisfied critics or kept Khrushchev from making whatever use he wanted of the incident. And for all Khrushchev's claims, the U.S. was convinced that an oxygen-system failure or an engine "flame-out" had forced Pilot Powers down within rocket range, and most importantly, that the Soviets still do not have an anti-aircraft rocket capable of reaching the U-2's operating altitude. How the CIA will make use of this information, now that the U-2 program has been compromised, is still the CIA's secret.



John Bryson

U.S.'s U-2
Into an unplanned trip to Moscow.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Even More Objectionable"

As planned by the Democrats who pushed it through Congress, the \$251 million aid-to-depressed-areas bill was vetoed by the President last week and fell into place as a plank in the 1960 Democratic campaign platform.

Ike, in sending the bill back to Congress, recalled his veto of a bloated \$389.5 million depressed-areas bill in 1958, saw "in 1960, another election year," an "even more objectionable" approach to a long-neglected problem. His chief objection to the openhanded, broadly defined Democratic bill: "It would make eligible for federal assistance areas that don't need it."

In contrast to the Administration's \$53 million relief measure, said the President, the Democrats' bill "would squander the federal taxpayers' money where there is only temporary economic difficulty," would downgrade local self-help efforts by massive federal subsidy, might involve the Government in industry-financing in 600 eligible rural counties, and would largely overlap existing federal programs.

Chances of overriding the veto: nil. Chances of passing the Administration's alternative bill: dim.



ROCKEFELLER & MORHOUSE

He won't play—unless he's pitching.

and distinguished leaders on the national scene. The Republican Party as a whole therefore must look to one or the other of these men as its best hope in 1960, and it must designate the wisest choice in the July convention."

REPUBLICANS

Back in the Race

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller got back in the Republican presidential race this week.

Faced with Vice President Nixon's overwhelming claim on the nomination, Rocky had withdrawn last December as an active challenger. Republicans of every hue, including Dick Nixon, immediately and persistently began to woo him as the most promising vice-presidential candidate around, but Rocky straight-armed every proposal. Last week Rockefeller announced that, to avoid any possible vice-presidential stampede, he would stay away from the Republican convention in Chicago.

This was the signal for New York's Republican state chairman, L. Judson Morhouse, to issue what amounted to a stinging challenge to Nixon. Urging the 96-vote New York delegation to go to Chicago uncommitted, Morhouse said: "We must recognize that the place for Rockefeller's broad appeal, reaching beyond party lines, is at the head of the ticket. Unless our national ticket this fall is headed by a candidate capable of the appeal that thrusts across and beyond Republican Party lines, we stand in serious danger of losing not only the presidency, but also the state legislature and many of our local offices."

"I believe that Governor Rockefeller should not be ruled out of consideration for the presidency—and that he should not rule himself out. He is not an active candidate and he will not seek the nomination: he has made this plain. The fact remains that he—alone with the Vice President—is one of the truly forceful

DEMOCRATS

Forward Look

The first salmon streaks of dawn were coming up over Washington's National Airport when the darkened Conair winged in from West Virginia. Jackie Kennedy lay curled in sleep on a back seat, but her husband, the hero of the night before, was wide awake. As soon as the plane door opened, he hurried over to a vending machine, plunked in a dime and plucked out an early edition of the *Washington Post*. KENNEDY SWEEPS WEST VA. VOTE, proclaimed the headline. Chuckled Jack Kennedy: "I wouldn't be surprised if Lyndon and Stu might be having a conference today."

It was a logical guess. Kennedy's big victory had produced a sinking feeling in the camps of his rivals for the Democratic presidential nomination. Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey withdrew from the race and hurried home to campaign for the Senate. Texas' Lyndon Johnson and Missouri's Stuart Symington, the candidates who had sidestepped the primaries, now had every reason to form a grand alliance. Each made the usual brave comments. Said Symington: "The primary will not be any more decisive than Wisconsin." Said Johnson: "The nation can start judging on the basis of merit." But nobody was fooled; the political hour was growing late for Johnson and Symington—and later still for Adlai Stevenson, whose friends indicated that if someone would just promise to make him Secretary of State, he'd be happy.

Liberal List. Washington went in vain for the stop-Kennedy summit meeting. It never came. Neither Symington nor Johnson was willing at this time to bow

out in favor of the other; Stevenson was urged to endorse Kennedy, but decided to wait out the results of this week's Oregon primary, where all hopefuls—including Oregon's own Wayne Morse—were entered. In the lull, United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther, political shop steward of Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams, came out for Kennedy. So did Humphreyman Joseph Rauh, vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. And even Eleanor Roosevelt, who has had her reservations about Jack Kennedy's Catholicism, issued the matriarchal opinion that he, more than either Symington or Johnson, "will be considered the candidate of the liberals."

The Ichabod specter of Estes Kefauver clomped through the stop-Kennedy speculation and talk. In 1952, with a successful string of 13 primaries behind him, the Keef was stopped cold in mid-convention by President Harry Truman and the Democratic bosses simply because he did not fit their image of a nominee. No such feelings exist about Kennedy, and his one big bugaboo—his Catholic religion—was gone with West Virginia.

Southern Secession. With nobody willing to step aside and nobody really determined to stop Kennedy, the situation of the rivals began to disintegrate. Truman endorsed Symington, as everyone expected him to, but even that had a slight boomerang quality about it. Questioned in Chicago by reporters, Truman said simply that the only thing he had against Kennedy was the fact that "he lives in Massachusetts." Campaigning in Maryland, Jack cracked back: "I have news for Mr. Truman. Mr. Symington was born in Massachusetts." In the South there were signs of an incipient secession from Lyndon Johnson. A wobbly move to nominate Herman Talmadge as a strategic favorite son began in Georgia. Commented the *Atlanta Constitution*: "This will further increase the probability that Senator Kennedy will be nominated on the first ballot." In Arkansas, Governor Orval Faubus noted that Kennedy seems to have "started a trend."

A grim group of Washington strategists tossed out the possibility that a crisis growing out of the Paris summit conference might change the whole picture. Such a time of national peril, they suggested, could make the Democratic Convention reject Kennedy as too young and too inexperienced to cope with Nikita Khrushchev. A better crisis candidate, the whisper went, might be Johnson, the cool, bipartisan helmsman, or Symington, the military expert, or Stevenson, the internationalist. It all had the sound, though, of whistling in the growing dark.

* But not all liberals share the enthusiasm for Kennedy. Said the liberal *Nation* last week: "The Republican passion for Senator Kennedy is obviously based on the theory that however formidable he may be as a pre-convention candidate, he would be a weak nominee for the Democrats." In somewhat the same vein, Republicans have grinned over the fact that Kennedy has nominated New York's Nelson Rockefeller as his "strongest" possible opponent.

Vote Getter's Victory

Jack Kennedy had figured the West Virginia odds at 60-40—against himself. His odds were right; he had just predicted the wrong winner. When the final returns were in, he had swept West Virginia by 220,000 votes to Hubert Humphrey's 142,000.

It was a triumph that confounded the experts. Kennedy had carried all but seven of West Virginia's 55 counties. Despite the pressure of venerable United Mine Worker John L. Lewis for Humphrey, the miners in the depressed coal fields turned out for Kennedy. Despite the warnings of their militantly Protestant pastors, the hillbillies south of the Kanawha River voted for a Catholic; Kennedy, in fact, brought his campaign to a climax with a statewide Sunday evening television assurance that if any President of the U.S. took "dictation" from anyone, the Pope included, it would be contrary to his oath of office and "he would be subject to impeachment and should be." Negroes gave him their emphatic endorsement. Women found him irresistible. And for all the rancor and bitterness it generated, the West Virginia primary cleared the political air. It swept the religious issue aside, at least until after the Democratic Convention, and it removed any doubt about Kennedy's ability as a vote getter.

Razzle-Dazzle. Reporters, pollsters and politicians who had predicted a narrow Humphrey victory (although most had hedged their bets in the last days by noting a Kennedy campaign surge) cast about for explanations. There were several in sight. The smooth, battle-proven Kennedy organization had never worked more efficiently. Most West Virginians thought that the Kennedy moneybags had been used not to buy the election ("We're running for President, not for sheriff," snorted a Kennedy aide) but to finance a razzle-dazzle, all-out fight. In the last 72 hours Kennedy poured out \$40,000 for radio and television time. Then there were such shrewdly employed pitchmen as Franklin Roosevelt Jr., who exploited New Deal nostalgia to good effect.

Negative factors worked for Jack Kennedy, too. Humphrey drew good crowds and held them like an evangelist, but he just could not get across the idea that he was a serious presidential candidate. His



Ralph Morse—LIFE

TAMMANY'S DE SAPIO & KENNEDY IN NEW YORK
High hopes, burgeoning roses, plenty of money.

silent partnership with Candidates Stuart Symington and Lyndon Johnson did him no good, and the pro-Humphrey campaign of West Virginia's Senator Robert Byrd, an avowed Johnson man, boomeranged savagely. Kennedy even carried Byrd's home town, Sophia, 237-135. As a former Ku Klux Klansman, Byrd probably accounted for a large part of Kennedy's big Negro vote.

On the Line. The biggest factor was Jack Kennedy himself. His easy manner, serious speeches and kinetic charm, his decision to fight out the religion issue, and even his Harvard accent—all won respect and votes.

Two days afterward, in New York for a big, \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner, Kennedy was greeted with a sea of FKBW ("For Kennedy Before Wisconsin") buttons, and the glum assurances of Tammany Boss Carmine De Sapo that he already had the support of "more than a majority" of New York's 114-vote delegation. New Jersey (41 votes) was 80% committed. In Maryland, Kennedy interrupted a whirlwind primary campaign to make a mysterious long-distance phone call from a roadside booth to Michigan's Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams. With Walter Reuther prodding him to commit Michigan's 51-vote delegation to Kennedy, Soapy issued a statement that he had "no present intention to make a personal endorsement."

Across the nation, in every state except his rivals' home grounds, Kennedy's bandwagon was making tracks, and the tune it played had changed from the campaign theme, *High Hopes*, to *Everything's Coming Up Roses*.

Kennedy's Veeps

Barnstorming through Nevada last February, Presidential Hopeful Jack Kennedy dropped word at a press conference that it would sure be fine to have a Western Governor as a running mate. Nevada's Governor **Grant Sawyer** soon got the word. Sawyer's friends mentally crossed off those Westerners who plainly had no chance—California's Pat Brown (like Kennedy, a Roman Catholic), Washington's Albert Rosellini (Catholic), Oregon's Mark Hatfield (Republican)—and came to the logical conclusion that Kennedy certainly must have been talking about Grant Sawyer. As the Sawyer pride swelled, so did his admiration of and enthusiasm for Kennedy.

In Kansas last March, Kennedy told reporters that Governor **George Docking** stood "near the top" of any list of vice-presidential choices, and Kennedy pointedly declined to name any others who were as "outstanding" as the Kansas. Docking is still neutral, but he has a warm spot in his heart for Kennedy.

In Michigan for months, Kennedy and his front men have been hammering home



Jon Brannels
ENGINE



Walter Bennett
JACKSON



Don Uhrbrock
COLLINS



Associated Press
LOVELESS



Joe Clark
WILLIAMS



Arthur Siegel
DOCKING

Non-Eastern, non-Catholic, non-Irish, non-Ivy.

a telling point to all the state's top Democrats: Kennedy would like to balance his ticket with a Midwestern Governor whose record of liberalism can be counted on to woo the votes of labor, farmers, Negroes, minority groups. To Michigan Democrats this can only mean their outgoing, job-hunting Governor **G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams**.

Subtly, Kennedy and his aides have planted the hope of the vice-presidency in the bosom of many a man who will be controlling votes at the Democratic Convention. Usual procedure is for Kennedy or an aide—often Brother Bob or Ted—to huddle with a hopeful and then analyze the situation. The analysis is penetrating, and the conclusion, though unspoken, is inescapable: the listener has just the right qualities, and what is more, Jack likes him. Since almost any respectable, non-Irish, non-Eastern non-Catholic has the basic qualities, the field is extensive.

The same "liberal Midwestern Governor" message that Kennedy men slipped to Soapy Williams has reached Iowa's Governor **Herschel Celler Loveless**, and Minnesota's **Orville Lathrop Freeman**—and it fits them just as aptly. Farther West, Kennedy's braintrusts have spread news that they are also considering Washington's Senator **Henry ("Scoop") Jackson**, New Mexico's Senator **Clinton Anderson**, California's Senator **Clair Engle**, and even Arizona's Congressman **Stewart Udall**. South of the Mason-Dixon line, their only live entry has been Florida's Governor **Leroy Collins**.

The vice-presidential gambit is as old as presidential politics, and even the glibble know in their political hearts that no real promises have been made. With the smell of victory in the air, the Kennedy forces are ready to make that more than clear. "The field is wide open," said a top Kennedy lieutenant last week. "The wider open it is, the better it is for Kennedy." Everybody but Harry Truman is eligible.

THE SOUTH

Settlement in Nashville

After three months of sit-ins marked by a near-riot, mass arrests and the dynamiting of a Negro city councilman's home, urbane Nashville last week asserted its moderate nature by becoming the South's first city to yield to Negro demands for lunch-counter equality. Opened to Negroes after secret, month-long negotiations between businessmen and Negro leaders were lunch counters in half a dozen variety and department stores.

Bargaining was spurred by an effective Negro boycott and a sharp decline in white patronage following a melee downtown last month in which a Negro youth was badly beaten by white toughs. "Fear of violence was killing us," confessed a merchant. "We realized that if that sort of thing happened again, we were going to be ruined." Under a phased-integration plan, Negroes sought service singly and in small groups during slack hours last week, promised to stay away when rural whites flock to town on Saturdays.

PHILANTHROPY

The Modest Visionary

He was born into the world as the heir to a hated name. It was a harsh and heady time, when vast financial empires were rising on the bones of their crushed competition and the U.S. was racing toward its manifest destiny as a world power. No man was richer, more ruthless or less popular than John Davison Rockefeller, the lord of Standard Oil, and no man seemed less qualified to follow him than the shy and sheltered boy who was his namesake. Yet, when he died in a Tucson, Ariz. hospital last week, a frail and tired man of 86, John D. Rockefeller Jr. had turned the hatred and fear that surrounded his name into warmth and respect; he was mourned the world over, and he left the world a legacy that dwarfed the pyramids of the pharaohs.

The list of good works is dizzying: the 200-in. Mount Palomar telescope, probing the light-years; Nobel Prizewinner



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
A legacy to dwarf the pyramids.

Niels Bohr's atomic research projects in Copenhagen; vast national parks—Wyoming's Jackson Hole, the Virgin Islands National Park, Maine's Acadia National Park; Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art; the site of the United Nations; the restored Reims Cathedral; and the rebuilt Stoa of Attalus in Athens. Colonial Williamsburg rose from the American past, and Rockefeller Center pointed to the American future (and changed the New York skyline). Schools, from Louvain to Tokyo and from Harvard to the University of Chicago (which his father founded in 1890), benefited by \$81,708,000. Religious causes, representing every creed, received another \$80 million. All told, the philanthropies of the Rockefellers, father and son, amounted to more than a billion dollars, changed the face of the world and the course of human events.

Pennies & Pledges. As a boy on his family's estate outside Cleveland, young Rockefeller led an overprotected life,

dominated by three older sisters, hovering nurses and governesses, and a doting mother. His father taught him caution and thrift; he had to account every week for all the money he earned in household chores, was docked 1¢ for such delinquencies as being late to family prayers. From his Baptist mother, Laura Spelman Rockefeller, he absorbed a sense of piety and duty. Dancing, the theater, cardplaying and other frivolities were frowned on; at ten, young Rockefeller made a vow, which he never broke, to abstain from "tobacco, profanity and the drinking of any intoxicating beverages."

During his student days at Brown University, "Johnny Rock" overcame some of his shyness, won a Phi Beta Kappa key and the heart of pretty Abby Aldrich, the daughter of Rhode Island Senator Nelson Aldrich. At 23, the young man entered his father's austere offices at 26 Broadway, first filling the inkwells and performing other humble chores. Four years later he and Abby were married. When he asked her father for her hand, and awkwardly tried to explain that he could support her properly, Senator Aldrich gently changed the subject.

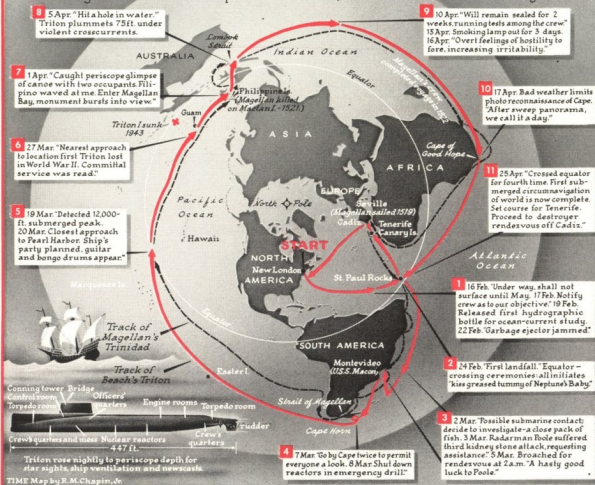
Paternalism to Philanthropy. As a young businessman, J.D.R. Jr. (as he afterward styled himself—although no one outside the family circle ever addressed him as anything but Mr. Rockefeller) began to show a humanitarianism and sense of managerial responsibility that were new in the cutthroat, turn-of-the-century world of high finance. Accompanied by W. L. Mackenzie King, a bright young labor-relations specialist (later the longtime Prime Minister of Canada), he visited the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. after a bloody and bitter strike, came away with a strong sympathy for the laboring man and a distaste for company-town paternalism. He translated his feelings into liberal labor contracts and an insistence on enlightened management at all Standard Oil plants.

Early in life he decided that his mission was to give his vast fortune back to the world, wisely and where it would do the most good. His motivation was not so much simple charity as a religious awareness that wealth is only a trust, and in redistributing his family's gain, he was in a sense carrying out the will of God. At 36, he resigned from half a dozen directorships, and for the next half-century he dedicated his life to philanthropy. "I have been brought up to believe," he said, "that giving ought to be entered into in just the same careful way as investing—and tested by the same intelligent standards."

His modesty was becoming. During the construction of Rockefeller Center, he resisted all efforts "to plaster the family name all over a piece of real estate." He gave in only on the urgent pleas of his five sons. When his father died at 97, he refused to drop the "Junior" from his name, because, he said, there could never be more than one John D. Rockefeller. Just as there never can be another John D. Rockefeller Jr.

12,005 Leagues Under The Sea

Log of U.S.S. Triton - Capt. E.L. Beach - 36,014 nautical miles in 83½ days.



"TRITON'S" SKIPPER BEACH

AN extraordinary accomplishment," said the President of the U.S., and so saying, he pinned a Legion of Merit on the much-decorated chest of Navy Captain Edward Latimer Beach last week. Ned Beach, 42, had just made the kind of history that even Presidents can envy: under his command the world's largest submarine, the nuclear, 30-knot-plus U.S.S. *Triton*, had completed the first underwater circumnavigation of the globe.

Nominally, the trip was a shakedown cruise, but in laying down the global underseas voyage, the Navy also prescribed a variety of psychological experiments for the crew, as well as hydrographic tests, drills in reconnaissance and evasion of detection (*Triton* was never sighted by ship or plane). For good measure, and possibly for good public relations, *Triton* followed a course close to the one sailed by Magellan and his men in 1519-22.

Triton is the first nuclear submarine designed for the submarine's classic role

of scouting. Her job is to roam out on the surface hundreds of miles ahead of naval task forces, scanning the skies with powerful radar. She carries the biggest crew (about 150), and, powered by twin reactors, can dive faster and cruise farther than any of her nuclear sisters.

Skipper Beach (Annapolis '39) is the son of the late Captain Edward Beach, who commanded the battleship *New York* in 1918-19 and who wrote Navy stories for children. Ned Beach won the Navy Cross, Silver Stars and a chestful of other medals as a World War II submariner, recorded his adventures in two big-selling books, *Submarine!* and *Run Silent, Run Deep* (a novel that was made into a movie in 1958).

With his flair for capturing mood and action on paper, Beach kept an expansive log at sea that recorded everything from depth soundings to "babygrams"—eight Stateside messages informing sailors that their wives had given birth.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

Confrontation in Paris

(See Cover)

For more than two years the leaders of the two great power blocs have been slowly picking their way toward the summit. This week, under the long, tapering shadow of the U-2's wings, the summit conference and the dream of peaceful coexistence smashed against the rock of Nikita Khrushchev's intransigent belligerence.

When his white Ilyushin jet bore him into Paris a day earlier than he had originally planned, Nikita appeared to be in a comparatively calm mood. At the country residence of Soviet Ambassador to Paris Sergei Vinogradov, he fed bread crumbs to the swans, even borrowed the scythe of a neighboring farmer and tried his hand at making hay. "Mr. Khrushchev has a fair cutting motion," reported the farmer, "but since he is a stout gentleman, his stomach interfered with his swing."

But in preconference talks with France's Charles de Gaulle and Britain's Harold

Macmillan, Khrushchev's geniality vanished. Obviously sensitive to the U-2's revelation of the vulnerability of Russia's defenses, he toughly asserted that Russia was five years ahead of the U.S. in missile and space research, had the power to destroy the U.S. or any other enemy. "He came for no small talk," glumly conceded a Macmillan aide. And West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who, though excluded from the summit itself, had nervously flown to Paris to urge his allies to stand firm on Berlin, came away reporting that "Mr. Khrushchev seems to be in a bad mood."

Just how bad became apparent when Nikita coldly refused to attend the first scheduled summit meeting, which had been planned as an intimate and secret confab amongst the Big Four alone. Instead, he announced, he would show up only for the large (24 people), on-record meeting whose proceedings he would be free to blare out to the world.

In the Salon. Shortly before 11 a.m., the limousines, with their fluttering na-

tional standards, began to arrive at Paris' freshly scrubbed Elysée Palace. Unsmiling, the Soviet, British and U.S. delegations in turn climbed up the Elysée's colonnaded staircase to their destination: a sunny salon where once Madame de Pompadour used to hold intimate dinners for her cronies in the court of Louis XV. There, in view of the blossom-laden chestnut tree that dominates the Elysée gardens, the fateful confrontation began.

Only minutes after Charles de Gaulle opened the meeting, Khrushchev, in flat, unemotional tones, began to read off perhaps the most intemperate pronouncement the world had heard from a major statesman since Adolf Hitler died in his Berlin bunker. He denounced the U-2 flight as "aggressive . . . treacherous . . . incompatible with the elementary requirements of the maintenance of normal relations between states in times of peace . . ." He rattled his rockets ("The Soviet government reserves the right in all such instances to take the necessary retaliatory measures against those who shall violate the U.S.S.R.'s national sovereignty") and then got to the point: "When the government of one of the great powers declares bluntly that its policy is intrusion into the territory of another great power with espionage and sabotage purposes . . . it is clear that the declaration of such a policy dooms the summit conference to complete failure in advance."

The Last Slap. Next came an almost incredible ultimatum. The U.S. Government, said Nikita, "must, firstly, condemn the inadmissible provocative actions of the U.S. Air Force with regard to the Soviet Union, and secondly, refrain from continuing such actions and such a policy against the U.S.S.R. in the future. It goes without saying that in this case the U.S. Government cannot fail to call to strict account those who are directly guilty of the deliberate violation by American aircraft of the borders of the U.S.S.R. Until this is done, the Soviet government sees no possibility for productive negotiations with the U.S. Government at the summit conference."

The summit meeting had been torpedoed. But there was another countercheck-quarrelsome yet to come—cancellation of Ike's invitation to Moscow. "Conditions have now arisen," said Khrushchev coldly, "which make us unable to welcome the President with the proper warmth which Soviet people display toward fond guests. The Soviet people neither know how to dissemble nor wish to do so. We therefore consider that the U.S. President's visit to the Soviet Union should now be postponed and that the time for such a visit should be agreed upon when conditions are ripe."

The Unpleasant Facts. Nikita finally subsided. Ike listened with no visible sign of anger. When his turn came to speak, he rejected the Soviet ultimatum, but came surprisingly close to apologizing for



Associated Press

DE GAULLE, IKE & MACMILLAN IN PARIS
To bluster, the voice of reason.

the U-2 incident. Khrushchev, he said, "alleges that the U.S. has, through official statements, threatened continued overflights . . . The U.S. has made no such threat. Neither I nor my Government has intended any . . . In point of fact, these flights were suspended after the recent incident and are not to be resumed. Accordingly, this cannot be the issue."

The other Western leaders promptly came to Ike's support. Ike's statement "completely resolved" the U-2 problem, said Britain's Macmillan, arguing that "all espionage is in effect a violation of sovereignty, and espionage is an unpleasant part of life." He didn't see how it was possible to make much distinction between one form of espionage and another. De Gaulle urged a day's recess, and strongly reminded Nikita that his avowed intention of publishing his speech was the one thing that would make continuance of the conference virtually impossible.

The Pure Soul. Nikita was not in a mood to accept any compromise. Stiffly, he dismissed Ike's statement with the cold rejoinder that it contained no "renunciation" of Francis Powers' flight over Russia, no "expression of regret," and no mention of "punishment for those who are directly responsible." To Western reminders that Russia had a notable espionage record of its own, Khrushchev, an avowed atheist, threw his hands above his head and said: "As God is my witness, my hands are clean and my soul is pure." If he had let Ike come to Russia, he went on piously, "I don't know how I would explain it to my little grandson."

Even the one hope which Khrushchev held out for future summit negotiations was deliberately insulting. "We would think," he said, "that there is no better way out than to postpone the conference of the heads of government for approximately six to eight months." Harshly, he underscored his point: by then, Dwight Eisenhower will no longer be President of the U.S. "The Soviet government," declared Nikita, "is deeply convinced that if not this Government of the U.S., then another, and if not another then the next one, would understand that there is no other way out than the peaceful coexistence of the two systems."

After three hours of impasse, the ugly scene came to an end. De Gaulle, still trying to stave off the complete collapse of the conference, declared that he would stay in contact with each of the delegations, decide within a few days whether to hold another session. Khrushchev unyieldingly replied that there could not be "another" session, since he did not regard this day's work as a summit meeting. When De Gaulle and Macmillan asked what his immediate plans were, Nikita was carefully noncommittal. If possible, he clearly intended to force someone else to take the blame for formally breaking up the conference. Nikita bounced out of the Elysée palace, joking with his chauffeur and declaring: "Only my face is red [in Russian an expression conveying good health]. Eisenhower's is white. And Macmillan's has no color."



KHRUSHCHEV AT U-2 EXHIBIT IN MOSCOW
For hope, the countercheck-quarrelsome.

Carl Mydans—LIFE

An hour later, Ike issued his own account of the proceedings. "I have come to Paris," he went on, "to seek agreements with the Soviet Union which would eliminate the necessity for all forms of espionage, including overflights . . . I am planning in the near future to submit to the U.N. a proposal for the creation of a U.N. aerial surveillance to detect preparations for attack. This surveillance system would operate in the territories of all nations prepared to accept such inspection."

When he came to Nikita's conduct at the meeting, Ike was stern. Said he: "Mr. Khrushchev was left in no doubt by me that his ultimatum would never be acceptable to the U.S. Mr. Khrushchev brushed aside all arguments of reason . . . The only conclusion that can be drawn from his behavior this morning was that he came all the way from Moscow to Paris with the sole intention of sabotaging this meeting, on which so much of the hopes of the world have rested."

Ike made it plain that he was still prepared to negotiate, even offered separate bilateral talks with Khrushchev to deal with the problem of espionage. Said he: "I see no reason to use this incident to disrupt the conference."

Drawing the Ring. The whole week before coming to Paris, Khrushchev had been bellowing like a wounded rogue elephant over the U-2's invasion of Russian airspace. The U.S. had retorted tartly, producing exchanges that in bygone ages of diplomatic niceties would have been read by most people as the prelude to imminent war.

Nikita began the assault at a reception in the Czech embassy in Moscow, where he rambled and rumbled his grievances. Excerpt: "When Twining, the then chief of staff of the U.S. Air Force, arrived here [in 1956] we welcomed him as a guest and entertained him. He left our country by air and next day sent a plane flying at great

altitude to our country. This plane flew as far as Kiev . . . Only an animal might act like Twining, eating at a place, then doing its unpleasant business there."

Along with the down-on-the-farm crudity came a threat aimed at the West's more vulnerable allies. Said Nikita: "The countries that have bases on their territories should note most carefully the following: if they allow others to fly from their bases to our territory, we shall hit at those bases." To drive his point home, Khrushchev summoned to his side Pakistani Ambassador to Moscow Salman Ali and warned him that Soviet defense forces "have drawn a ring around Peshawar"—where the U-2's pilot Francis Powers allegedly began his flight—and were prepared, if necessary, to take "retaliatory measures" against the Pakistani base. When Ambassador Oscar Gundersen of Norway, where Powers had planned to end his flight, asked for a definition of "retaliatory measures," Khrushchev replied: "If these provocations continue, we will have to aim our rockets at the bases."

The U.S. response was brusque. Said Secretary of State Herter: As long as the Russians "keep their society tightly closed and rigorously controlled . . . with threats of mass destruction frequently voiced by the Soviet leadership," the Government of the U.S. would be "derelict in its responsibility not only to the American people but to free peoples everywhere if it did not, in the absence of Soviet cooperation, take such measures as are possible unilaterally to lessen and to overcome the danger of surprise attack." At his press conference two days later, President Eisenhower charged that the Soviet "fetish of secrecy and concealment . . . is a major cause of international tension and uneasiness today." Under such circumstances, he said, espionage "is a distasteful but vital necessity."

Barely two hours after Ike had spoken, Nikita Khrushchev lashed back. This time the scene of Nikita's diatribe was the Chess Pavilion of Moscow's Gorky Park, where Soviet propagandists had mounted a show of trophies of the U-2. Walking in unannounced, Khrushchev stared at the exhibits, quipped: "I suppose you could call this an exchange of technical information." Then he clambered up on a wicker chair and held an impromptu press conference. Asked whether his estimation of Eisenhower had been changed by the U-2 incident, Nikita attacked Ike directly for the first time since the Camp David talks. Said he: "It has, of course. I was not aware that the plan of air espionage over the Soviet Union was not the caprice of an irresponsible officer. I was horrified to learn that the President had endorsed those aggressive acts."

Time for a Trial. All this was passed by Moscow's censors after only brief dithering. But it was a full 20 hours before the censors finally got the word to release the rest of Nikita's intemperate ramblings. Ridiculing the U.S. request for an interview with Powers, Khrushchev said flatly: "We shall try him . . . try him severely, as a spy." When he recalled Herter's cool assertion that U.S. reconnaissance flights would be justified as long as Soviet secrecy continued, Nikita shook his fist and cried: "Impudence! Shame impudence! There was a time—I remember it from my youth—when many criminals and other suspicious elements roamed the world. These people sometimes resorted to the following trick: a bandit with a small boy would hide under a bridge and wait for someone to cross it. The bandit would send the boy to the passerby, and the boy would say: 'Hello, mister, give me back my watch . . .'. Then the armed bandit would appear, and tell the passerby: 'Why do you bully the boy? Give him back his watch and pass over your coat too.'"

Nikita's moral: "The U.S. wants to live according to this law. But we are not a defenseless passerby. If the U.S. has not yet experienced a real war on its territory, has not experienced air raids, and if it wishes to unleash a war, we shall be compelled to fire rockets which will explode on the aggressor's territory in the very first minutes of war."

A Wicked World. Had Khrushchev committed the fatal psychological error of protesting too much? When news of Powers' capture first broke, the reaction of many free-world nations was dismay and indignation at Washington. Pakistan's Foreign Secretary Mohammed Ikramullah stiffly declared that, if Soviet charges that Powers' flight began at Peshawar proved true, Pakistan would "lodge a strong protest with the Government of the U.S." With less justification, the Norwegian government did make a formal protest, asked the U.S. "to take all necessary steps to avoid that similar landings are planned in the future." In Japan, where the U.S. currently bases three U-2s, the opposition Socialist Party seized on the issue to stall

parliamentary ratification of Premier Nobusuke Kishi's new security pact with the U.S. With near-hysteria, London's *Daily Herald* called the U.S. a "summit saboteur," and the *Daily Mail* angrily described Eisenhower as "a tumbled titan . . . with inept hands."

But as Khrushchev continued to pour on the agony, the phronesis of Moscow's noisy piety became all too obvious. Canadian Opposition Leader Lester Pearson declared: "It is the sheerest hypocrisy to feign passionate anger and indignation" at "a crime common to all governments and inevitable in present circumstances." Adenauer observed: "Everyone knows that aircraft have been flying at high alti-



Edo König—Black Star
WEST GERMANY'S ADENAUER
On guard at the escape hatch.

tudes over several countries for years . . . I have knowledge that the Russians are flying over our territory as well." In Britain, former Ambassador to Russia Sir William Hayter reminded his countrymen of the embarrassing disappearance of British Frogman Lionel Crabb (*TIME*, May 21, 1956) during the 1956 B. & K. visit to London. Said a senior civil servant: "Let's face it. Everybody does these jobs. We live in a bloody wicked world."

Reassured by the U.S. pledge to defend its allies, Pakistan's President Ayub Khan warned Moscow: "We will not be browbeaten." Even the Indian press, while chiding Ike for not keeping the Pentagon under tighter rein, showed an appreciation of U.S. worldwide military responsibilities unheard of in New Delhi's neutralism in the days before Red China began nibbling at India's borders.

The Great Competition. Not only did the U.S. have the backing of its allies. The summit meeting came at a time when all evidence indicated that in the competition between the U.S. and Russia, the U.S. was doing well. The revelation that U.S. planes had been flying over Russia for four years helped to reassure the nerv-

ous that SAC still could deliver its deterrent blow despite Khrushchev's vaunted rockets, and was an encouraging indication that U.S. intelligence had resources more sophisticated than those of Brooklyn-based Soviet Agent Rudolf Abel, now serving 30 years in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for his spying. Where the varied dissatisfactions of the Chinese, East Germans and Poles kept the Soviet empire in ferment, the nations of the free world were still essentially united in purpose, were even, as in South Korea, sloughing off some of the weaknesses of the past.

Even the latest interplanetary firecracker shot off by Khrushchev's obliging scientists was a dud. Moscow Radio trumpeted the news that Russia had put a 4.5-ton "spaceship" into near-circular orbit about 200 miles above the earth. Inside the new satellite, said Moscow, was a pressurized cabin containing a dummy spaceman, "all necessary equipment for future manned flight," and about 1.5 tons of instrumentation.

But the "spaceship" told the world more about Russia than Nikita had bargained on. In fact, his satellite was no more a spaceship than the previous Soviet satellite had been "an automatic interplanetary station." By the Russians' own admission, when the time came for the spaceship to descend, it would "burn up in the denser layers of the atmosphere"—a journey's end scarcely calculated to appeal to live astronauts.*

The Affluent Revolution. In the first day of the conference, the whole carefully planned agenda on the three principal issues (*see below*) went out the window. But the big fact of the summit meeting—at least at the start—was that the West was confronted not by a change in the issues but an apparent change in Khrushchev. The Khrushchev they had expected to meet was committed to "peaceful coexistence" at least in name. With his rejection of Stalinism, he had staked out his place in Communist history as the exponent of the affluent revolution, of a Soviet society no longer built primarily on sacrifice. He promised peace, and with it, a better life. By the logic of his promises, he urgently needed to reduce the burden that cold-war armament imposed on Russian economic and human resources.

But Khrushchev had changed his mind and his mood. As an issue, the U-2 was small enough to be ignored; it was dramatic enough to make much of. Khrushchev chose to make much of it. Why?

Best guess was that Khrushchev had concluded from recent speeches of Western statesmen that he was not going to hornswole the West into concessions either by "peaceful coexistence" or even summity—and had decided to leap ahead

* But one which Ike had reason to regard as characteristically Russian. In the days just after World War II, Ike recounts in his autobiography, Russia's Marshal Georgy Zhukov confided to him that the Soviets had discovered an unbeatable technique for clearing German minefields: just send a company of infantry through the mined area.

THE SIDE OF THE VOLCANO

WEST Berliners resemble the peasants who live on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. They are not easily frightened by international rumblings, sulphuric diatribes, or the hot-lava flow of Communist threats. Though their city is split in two, though they are completely surrounded by Communist territory, West Berliners view the situation calmly and glory in the nickname *Insulaner*—islanders.

Sweltering Day. Some 500 streets are sealed off in police-guarded dead ends, often with two West German policemen on one side, six East German policemen on the other. Streetcars and buses come to abrupt stops, and only subways and elevated trains run unhampered throughout the city. If a boy in West Berlin wants to phone a girl in East Berlin, the call must be routed via Frankfurt (West Germany) and Leipzig—a distance of more than 500 miles to make a phone ring in the next block. There are no country weekends for West Berliners, since the countryside is Communist. The most popular and convenient vacation spot is nearby Lake Wannsee. It is usually as jammed as Coney Island on a sweltering day in August.

Eighteen months ago there were signs that the volcano was about to erupt. Russia's Nikita Khrushchev abruptly issued an ultimatum demanding that Western troops be evacuated from Berlin and that the city's links with West



BOBET LACERBERG

BOMBED-OUT ANHALTER STATION

Germany be severed. But despite Khrushchev's threats, 1959 represented the best business year ever, and industrial production in the first quarter of 1960 is an impressive 14% above last year. The West Berlin government pressed ahead with supplementary stockpiling until now the city can subsist normally for six months without outside supplies. Berliners know that no limited cutoff of traffic by the Communists can starve them out. Said a businessman: "Now it will take deeds, not words, to really shake us."

Khrushchev's proposal to make West Berlin a "free city," embedded in East Germany and cut off from the West, has had another result: the *Insulaner* have stopped grumbling about their lot and decided that the status quo is not so bad after all. The currently favorite illustration of Khrushchev's proposals: Two men are arguing. One is standing on the edge of a cliff. Says the first: "We'll compromise. Let's both take one step backward."

The young admire and support their elders' determination. But they see no future for themselves in a beleaguered city and most of them try their fortunes in West Germany. West Berlin is an aging city—more than half of its 2,200,000 inhabitants are now over 45. Contrasts are omnipresent: a fashion show may be held in the striated shadow of the bombed-out remains of the Anhalter Station.

Returning Natives. While the games of power politics howl over its head, Berlin goes about its business. By day, the streets are crowded with shoppers; the city's score of electrotechnical plants belch smoke against the Prussian-blue sky; workmen scramble over scaffolding of a \$900,000 British-American cigarette factory, the newest plant in the city. With a labor force of nearly a million and only 36,000 unemployed (matching the alltime low of last September), West Berlin can boast that it is Germany's biggest industrial city.

At night West Berlin relaxes in neon brilliance, and the wide boulevards hum with traffic—mostly Volkswagens, but with an increasing number of expensive Porsches, Alfa-Romeos and Mercedes.

American jazz filters from cellar nightclubs, well-fed burgers in sidewalk cafés sip coffee and *Berliner Weisse*—a concoction of beer and raspberry juice.

The night crowds are swelled by thousands of East Berliners who come over to go to movies, theaters, museums and concerts—the only places in West Berlin where East marks are accepted on a par with West marks (one West mark currently fetches 4.85 East marks). In turn, West Berliners frequently use the favorable exchange rate to see such East Berlin attractions as the State Opera and the repertory of Bertolt Brecht's plays.

Realism for Enemies. None of these guarded contacts represent a weakening of West Berliners' fiber. To show their ultimate opposition to Communism, 750,000 people braved cold weather on May Day to jam the wide Platz der Republik in the largest mass meeting since the war. The sea of faces stretched from the old Reichstag to the new, free-form Congress Hall, which Berliners irreverently call "the pregnant oyster." Under banners reading "*Freiheit für Alle*" (Freedom for All) and *Selbstbestimmung auch für Uns*" (Self-Determination for Us, Too), they cheered wildly as Mayor Willy Brandt promised: "We say to our friends in America, in England, in France, and everywhere in the world, you can count on us! We say it to our friends in order to assist them. We say it to our enemies so that they will remain realists."

Many West Berliners believe that Brandt is the only opposition candidate who can challenge venerable Konrad Adenauer in next year's election, partly because no one can accuse Socialist Brandt of being soft on Communism. If Berlin is proud of Brandt, Mayor Brandt is equally proud of Berliners. Says he: "They don't behave like heroes. They don't like being called heroes. But they have made up their minds to live under special conditions indefinitely, if necessary, and to go on with the development of their city without getting excited about it. They don't like sacrifices any more than the next man, but they will make sacrifices rather than accept Communist rule."

WEST BERLIN FASHION SHOW



MARK KAUFFMAN—LIFE

of his critics. For in Communism's harsh code, only results count. Peering over Khrushchev's shoulder is Red China's Mao Tse-tung, who challenges him as a Marxist theoretician and as leader of the "Socialist camp." Mao, who knows that it is not China that will get hit in a nuclear holocaust, has insistently been crying out against the folly of "softness" toward capitalism. Within the Kremlin itself, there are powerful men who share Peking's distaste for Khrushchev's peaceful coexistence. When Khrushchev launched his tirade against the West at the Czech embassy, one Western guest noticed some of Russia's marshals smiling as if pleased that at last the boss was beginning to see the light. At the crucial summit opening this week, observers noted that Khrushchev seemed to be paying "great attention" to Foreign Minister Andrei Gromy-

The Three Issues

Before Nikita Khrushchev made the U-2 the summit's principal topic, there were three official agenda items: 1) disarmament, 2) East-West tensions, 3) Berlin and the fate of Germany. Of these, disarmament was the only one remotely expected to produce concrete achievement.

By the eve of the Paris meeting, representatives of the three-power (Russia, U.S. and Great Britain) nuclear-controls conference in Geneva had come close to an agreement banning nuclear tests. Despite the obvious pitfalls for the West, an agreement would be the first break in Russia's long refusal to accept international inspection, and one inspection might lead to another. Even Khrushchev, with a wary eye on Red China, might have reason to welcome it: a nuclear test

colleagues. As one of his chief ploys, De Gaulle planned to challenge Khrushchev to cooperate with the West in a joint program of economic aid to underdeveloped nations. Both the U.S. and Britain feel that this would pervert and weaken Western aid programs. And De Gaulle's dream of a ban on arms shipments to such troubled areas as Africa is frowned on by the U.S., which argues that proud new nations will insist on getting defensive armaments somewhere—and it might as well be from the West.

The Berlin Bone. But the stickiest agenda issue was the one which precipitated the summit in the first place: Berlin.

West Berlin, said Khrushchev to Hubert Humphrey, is "a bone in my throat." As an island of freedom and prosperity (see box), West Berlin constitutes a damning and unsettling contrast to the drabness of life in East Germany—a fact attested to by the 2,500,000 East German refugees who have poured into West Berlin in the last decade. Khrushchev is under pressure from his East German puppets, who complain in effect: "We cannot control these people forever unless something is done to eliminate the escape hatch that Berlin provides."

Khrushchev marched up to the summit still talking tough about Berlin. At Gorky Park last week, he repeated his threat to sign a World War II peace treaty with East Germany, thus "abolishing" Western occupation rights in Berlin. "Some say that the Western powers will try to force their way into Berlin," he added. "I want to make it clear: our military units stationed in the German Democratic Republic will counter the force of the violators."

Logic's Lesson. The Western summiters were determined to make no real concession at all on Berlin. For Berlin has become both a symbol and a vital test of the West's determination to resist Communist encroachment against the free world. The legal foundation on which Western possession of the city rests is complex and to tamper with it is risky. As De Gaulle observed during his visit to Canada last month: "If we do not want an easing of tensions, then we can try for a solution in Berlin. But if we want an easing, we must not try for one."

Any change in the status of Berlin raises the problem of the reunification of Germany. Admit it or not, many Frenchmen and Englishmen feel that West Germany is big and powerful enough as it is. Instead of pushing for reunification, they would prefer to concentrate on completing West Germany's integration into Western Europe. Even some Germans are not eager to jeopardize their prosperity by taking on the poor farm that is East Germany. But the U.S. remains convinced that so long as Germany is divided, it will be a flash point for war. And, as a matter of conscience, the West feels strongly that East Germany's 17 million oppressed people must not be abandoned. Reunification is their last, best hope of freedom from Communism's grey tyranny, and the West, however long a decision might be postponed, cannot and will not give up the effort.



Franklin—London Daily Mirror

"GREAT LENIN! THOSE DRAT YANKS ARE EVERYWHERE!"

ko and Defense Minister Marshal Rodion Malinovsky—both men he had often treated as flunkies in the past. Furthermore, he astonished veteran Kremlinologists with the reason he gave for insisting that he had to make his tirade public. "I can not do otherwise," said Khrushchev. "It was a matter which involved internal politics." No Westerner has ever heard a Soviet dictator admit any concern for "internal politics" before.

Was the U-2 summit a watershed in Nikita Khrushchev's regime? Had he seized on the U-2 to scrap his policy of *rapprochement* with the U.S. while loudly blaming the U.S. for its failure? It seemed so. Apparently, Nikita Khrushchev was abandoning his *détente* policy as a ploy that had failed, and reverting to the old Stalinist policy of toughness.

Before the Big Four met, Charles de Gaulle had billed the summit as a moment when destiny would hover "between peace and vast misfortune." Destiny was still hovering.

ban would provide him with an impeccable excuse for refusing to help Mao Tse-tung acquire nuclear weapons.

Chief dissenter might be Charles de Gaulle. Since France has no long-range missiles with which to deliver an atomic punch, De Gaulle has long argued that the first step toward nuclear disarmament should be a general scrapping of "means of delivery." This would mean that the U.S. would have to do away with its long-range rockets and bombers—which it is not prepared to do without ironclad assurance that the Russians would do likewise. Failing such an agreement, De Gaulle was determined to push ahead with his program to build a French H-bomb by next year. With 500,000 of his troops tied down in Algeria, De Gaulle was also unenthusiastic about another disarmament measure likely to be proposed: the long-discussed general reduction in conventional military forces.

De Gaulle's pet summit projects were just as unenthusiastically received by his

THE INTERNATIONAL SET

Death on a Curve

Aly Khan's longest flirtation was with death.

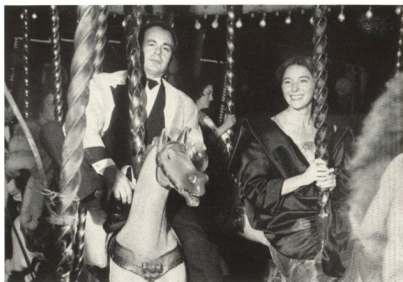
His father, the late Aga Khan, spiritual leader of 20 million Moslems of the Ismaili sect, forced him to give up two hazardous pastimes: steeplechase riding and auto racing. But Aly continued his pursuit of speed and danger; three skiing accidents nearly cost him a leg; when he was only 21, and without a pilot's license, he took his turn at the controls of a light plane in an unprecedented 10,000-mile flight from Bombay to Singapore and back. Aly Khan slew quantities of lions, tigers and water buffalo, but always on foot and never from the safety of a tree platform. In World War II, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion; after France fell he joined the British forces and served as a liaison officer with the U.S. Sixth Army group, winning the French Legion of Honor, the *Croix de guerre* with palms, the U.S. Bronze Star, and a citation for bravery under fire.

Tarts & Trollops. Women are traditionally the warrior's relaxation. Aly Khan had a fastidious dislike of tarts and trollops, which made things difficult for the married men of his acquaintance. His wedding to his first wife, Joan Guinness, came after a divorce action by her Member of Parliament husband, who named Aly as correspondent. His second marriage, to Rita Hayworth, involved a round-the-world courtship that was faithfully recorded in newspaper headlines. With his famed charm, his solicitous attentions, and cascades of flowers, telegrams, parties and tête-à-têtes, he laid siege to a notable clutch of beauties, including Gene Tierney, Joan Fontaine, Yvonne de Carlo, Lady Furness, Kim Novak, Merle Oberon and assorted French, Italian and Greek film stars. Said a marquise reminiscently: "Aly could handle more women simultaneously than most men can in a lifetime." He also understood the far more difficult art of letting women down gently, and is fondly remembered by nearly all his ex-wives and ex-mistresses.

Strangled Voice. Envious rivals complained that his success was due only to fabulous wealth (an estimated \$800 million), a legendary name and a romantic background. Superficially they seemed right: Aly Khan was short (5 ft. 6 in.), balding, plump, and indifferent about clothes. His only physical assets were dark, liquid eyes and an almost satanic vitality which could be refueled with as little as three hours' sleep.

He spoke with the "husky, strangled voice of an upper-class Englishman, overlaid with a slight French accent," but he seldom had anything intellectually provocative to say. He read little but listened well, and got most of his ideas from what people said; yet he could speak authoritatively on horses and modern painting ("They are my only loves"), and sometimes surprised acquaintances with a display of caustic humor.

Aly neither smoked nor drank. In one



ALY KHAN & BETTINA
His longest flirtation ended.

London Daily Express

of his few ventures at self-analysis, he said, "I think the trouble with me was that I grew up too fast, among people who were all far older than I was." Rita Hayworth offered another diagnosis: "Aly is very nice, but he really doesn't understand family life."

Worst Blow. When the Aga Khan died in 1957, he named Aly's Harvard-educated son Karim, 23, as head of the Ismaili sect. Close friends say that Aly was crushed at being passed over, that it was "the worst blow he had received since his mother died." It seemed to effect a change in Aly's behavior: he soon appeared at the United Nations as the Ambassador of Pakistan, where thousands of Ismailis live. Canada's U.N. Ambassador

Charles Ritchie found it "extraordinary" how quickly Aly took hold, and "how conscientious he was about his job." But the job still left him time to check up on his ten stud farms and stables in France and Ireland, and for visits to his Paris mansion in the Bois de Boulogne, his manor house outside Dublin, his Riviera château and his villas in Normandy and Switzerland. His constant companion was a slim, tawny-haired French model known professionally as Bettina.

One evening last week Aly picked up Bettina in his new Lancia and headed for a country house in the Parisian suburb of Ville d'Avray, where they were expected for dinner. He waved the chauffeur to the rear and took the wheel.

As he rounded a gentle curve near St. Cloud race track, where his thoroughbreds had often been led to the winner's circle, a small, beat-up Simca came around the bend on the wrong side of the road. The collision flung Aly forward, and he was killed almost instantly by a broken neck (Bettina and the chauffeur were unhurt). Aly died as he would probably have wanted to: at the wheel of a low-slung car with a beautiful woman beside him.



European

SOUTH AFRICA'S LOUW
His battle was far from over.

THE COMMONWEALTH Odd Man Out

"Mr. Louw makes the Rock of Gibraltar look like a bowl of jelly," grumbled one Prime Minister last week at the Commonwealth conference in London. As delegate of the Union of South Africa, External Affairs Minister Eric Louw, 69, was by turns stonily silent or truculently noisy. Armed with pamphlets, books and special studies detailing the sins of the other Commonwealth countries, Louw had a ready answer to questions about his nation's racial policies. What about the untouchables in India? he would ask. Turning on Britain's Prime Minister Harold

Macmillan, he demanded: "What about the Notting Hill troubles here?"

India's Jawaharlal Nehru and Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, displaying considerable restraint, tried to reason with Louw. So did Malaya's Tengku Abdul Rahman, who had precipitated a crisis by walking out on a meeting with Louw during the first week of the conference. Even Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies, originally sympathetic to Louw's problems, gave up in the face of his intransigence. At a meeting of London's South Africa Club, Louw said the other Prime Ministers had greeted him with "ignorance, prejudice and even malice." He told the ministers to their faces that they represented "the uninformed opinion of people who have never been in South Africa."

Taking advantage of the tradition that the conference's final communiqué must be unanimously approved, Louw blocked every draft until he got one so innocuous that his boss, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, still convalescing at home from an assassin's bullets, could agree to accept it. The communiqué tamely noted that the Commonwealth was a "multiracial association" and called for "good relations between all member states."

Despite this victory of sorts, it was clear that the battle was far from over. Ghana's Nkrumah canceled a proposed exchange of visits between Ghanians and South Africans, Malaya's Tengku Abdul Rahman and several other ministers were only persuaded at the last moment from putting out a dissenting communiqué of their own. New Zealand's Walter Nash made his feelings clear by publicly stating: "There are no inherently superior people—none."

At the moment, few Commonwealth Prime Ministers want to throw South Africa out of the club. The member nations seem ready to wait a year or 18 months until their next meeting in the hope that mounting world pressures will bring changes in South Africa. But if *apartheid* continues full blast and the Union takes the promised step of becoming a republic, it will almost certainly be blackballed when it seeks permission to remain in the Commonwealth.

GREAT BRITAIN

And Still Champ

As Prime Minister Harold Macmillan went off to the summit, British voters gave him an unmistakable vote of confidence. In local elections for borough offices throughout England and Wales, his Conservative Party rolled up a gain of 426 seats (out of 3,519 at stake). The Liberals gained 51 seats. Big loser: Labor, whose net loss of 460 seats reflected the policy quarrels that have racked the party since its third straight defeat by the Tories in last October's general elections.

The Hum in Kent

To city dwellers, the drowsy county of Kent means perfect peace and perfect quiet, dozing to the murmuring of bees, the lowing of cattle, the gentle purl of streams like the Beult, the Great Stour

and the Little Stour. But in the Kentish village of Molash, 8½ miles from Canterbury, grey-haired Hilda Hyams, 54, was being driven mad by another sound: a low-pitched, persistent hum. Her novelist husband, Edward, could not hear the hum, but he dutifully checked the water pipes and main, arranged to have the electrical wires near the house slackened, even cut off the telephone. Hilda Hyams went to an ear specialist and neurologists, who found that her hearing was acute and she was in perfect health. Friends hinted delicately that perhaps she was imagining it all.

Mortally Dismal. Last summer a U.S. friend visited the Hyamses in Molash. Her first words were: "Can't you turn



Illustrated London News

HILDA HYAMS

Definitely not preceded by a ho.

off that disgusting hum? It's so mortally dismal." Overjoyed to find confirmation of the sound, Mrs. Hyams fell on her friend's neck and kissed her.

With two women suffering before his eyes, Novelist Hyams wrote to a local newspaper asking if any other Kentishmen were hearing the hum. He was staggered by the response: letters poured in from Maidstone and Canterbury, from Ashford, Wye and Deal. A woman in Australia wrote that she had heard the hum before she emigrated from Kent. Said Hyams: "We could scarcely get through the door because of the mound of mail." Most of the writers expressed relief because they had not dared mention the hum before, each thinking he was the only one hearing it.

The descriptions of the hum are surprisingly uniform. It is ugly and penetrating, louder inside a house than outside, and loudest of all at night and on weekends. The hum's pitch never varies, and it seems impossible ever to get "nearer" to the sound. "For the majority," reports Hyams, "the hum is just below

the threshold of audibility, but for those who can hear it, refined torture." By now, Hyams was himself hearing it on occasion. He took the matter up with the county council, but was brushed off. A local M.P. raised the question in the House of Commons, but got only the stony reply that "inquiries have failed to confirm the existence of the noise."

Down the Road. There was no lack of solutions to the hum, ranging from flying saucers to poltergeists to electric clocks. Many argued that with radio, TV and radar, modern man has filled the atmosphere with pulsating forces.

But last week the suspicions of hum-sufferers in Kent turned to the Chislehurst caves, which have recently been closed to the public. Near Chislehurst, the government has been building a research establishment, but, though the work has been going on for ten years, the building is only one story high. The obvious questions are: How deep does the work go underground, and what is being done inside it? Novelist Hyams went on BBC-TV to ask "why the government cannot say, 'This is being caused by a defense apparatus or a secret weapon. For your own safety, will you please put up with it?'" Instead, he complained, "There have been evasions, lyings, even a sort of shrugging of shoulders and a sneer which has made us all the more determined to find out what it is and damned well put a stop to it." Chorused his hum-struck wife, Hilda: "It can't be Martians, can it? I don't believe it is outer space at all. I believe it's a few chaps down the road somewhere who know perfectly well what they're doing."

REFUGEES

One in a Million

At New York's Idlewild Airport last week a ten-year-old boy bounded down the steps of a chartered Pan American flight from Munich. Young Andrejs Suritis was born in a Bavarian displaced persons camp to Latvian parents who originally fled Riga in 1944, hours ahead of the Red army. Now he was bound for Kalamazoo, Mich., where his mother already has a job as a seamstress and his father expects to find work as a radio technician.

On the same plane were 79 other Europeans cleared for immigration into the U.S., including a biochemist, whose entry into the U.S. was being sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. In recent years tens of thousands of immigrants like the Suritis had streamed through New York, causing little more stir than an 8:04 commuter train coming from Long Island.

But by one of the standard miracles of pressagency, it had been determined that Andrejs was the one-millionth European helped financially or otherwise to emigrate since the U.S. and 28 other nations created the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration. In its eight years the agency has assisted 179,000 Europeans to migrate to the United States. Another 290,000 went to Australia, 252,000 were settled in South America. The

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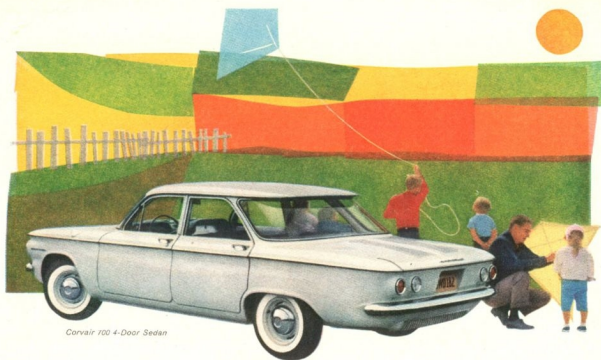
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agency pays transportation, conducts language courses, provides orientation information about the migrants' new country. Total expenses: \$270 million (up to 45% supplied by the U.S.).

ICEM has all but cleared out the displaced persons camps, besides handling great surges of Iron Curtain escapees such as occurred after the Hungarian revolt. In the words of its officials, it has become "the biggest travel agency on earth."

SOUTH KOREA

Incident at Shinwon

The regime of Syngman Rhee, during which many an outrage was perpetrated in the name of "anti-Communism," built a long legacy of hatred. Last week the dammed-up hatred was discharged in an ugly incident at Shinwon, 160 miles southeast of Seoul.

Nine years ago, at the height of the Korean war, the local South Korean army commander Colonel Kim Chong Won suspected Shinwon of secretly supplying Communist guerrillas. He rounded up 600 villagers in the schoolhouse, screened out friends and relations of his soldiers, then shot the rest—men, women and children. The victims were buried in a mass unmarked grave.

Route to Ambush. Even when peace came, the Rhee authorities refused the villagers redress. In fact, no Shinwon survivors dared visit the mass grave because those who went were immediately put on the government's list of suspected Communist sympathizers. When Democratic Party Assemblyman Suh Min Ho called for an investigation, the government soon hustled him off to jail on hastily trumped-up charges. When the Assembly persisted and dispatched an investigating committee to Shinwon, the legislators were ambushed en route and forced to flee for their lives. Posing as an expert, Colonel Kim blandly identified the ambushers as "Red guerrillas."

For the sake of its own good name, the Korean army in December 1951 court-martialed Colonel Kim. At his trial, the "guerrillas" who intercepted the legislators were proved actually to have been Kim's men in disguise. The government reluctantly admitted that 187 civilians had been slaughtered. But from his jail cell Assemblyman Suh sent word that more than 500 had died, 327 of them under 16.

Way to Promotion. Kim was cashiered, but was quickly promoted to greater power. With his marked talent for seeing the critics of the government through Red-colored glasses, the Rhee government named him chief of all the national police. In 1958 he finally went too far, and the Rhee government had to "retire" him. He had begun arresting as "Communist instigators" any anti-Rhee Assemblymen observed calling at the U.S. embassy.

Last week, with Rhee fallen from power and most of the hated police hiding indoors, 70 relatives of the Shinwon victims plucked up their nerve, made a pilgrimage to the mass grave. Then they set to work clearing away underbrush and



WORKMEN BUILDING CROSS-FORMOSA HIGHWAY
For every mile, a dead man.

Hamilton Wright

setting up gravestones. Suddenly they were swept by an impulse for revenge. Unable to take reprisals against the absent Colonel Kim, they marched to the house of Park Yung Bo, who had been mayor in Colonel Kim's time, and as the owner of a rice-winery was still the town's richest man. Dragging Park out of bed, they accused him of informing to Kim, of embezzling government funds belatedly sent from Seoul for funeral expenses for Kim's victims. First they stoned him, then beat him with clubs. When he was insensible, they gathered up dry leaves, heaped them around his body and burned him alive.

Crisis in Seoul. When news of the Shinwon lynching reached Seoul, Rhee's Liberals threatened to withdraw from the Assembly unless the government immediately put a halt to such "reprisals." Apprehension increased when a posse of eight policemen and 18 soldiers sent to Shinwon to restore order were beaten back by still enraged villagers.

But at week's end, 21 villagers abruptly surrendered; each swore that he was the one who had actually finished off Park. Scores of others stood by chanting "We too, we too; either punish all or none." The caretaker Huh Chung government promised another "investigation." But the guess was that the lynching at Shinwon would be sadly written off as an unhappy aftermath of the long wrongs of the Syngman Rhee regime.

FORMOSA

Hewn From Rock

Although Formosa was colonized hundreds of years ago by settlers from the Asian mainland, the inaccessible mountainous east coast began to emerge from primitivism only in modern times. During their tenure, the Japanese tried and failed

to open up the back country by putting a road across the 10,000-ft. mountain range that forms a spine down the center of the island. Four years ago the Chinese Nationalists set out to make the long-dreamed-of road a reality. Last week, after the expenditure of \$13.5 million and the loss of 212 lives to avalanches and other mishaps, the roadway was finished.

By the standards of the New York Thruway, Formosa's cross-island highway, totaling some 200 miles, is no cloverleaf designer's dream. Only 12 ft. wide and gravel-surfaced most of the way, it is restricted to alternating one-way traffic with cutoffs for passing. Traffic moves at a maximum speed of 15 m.p.h. To build it, the government mobilized more than 12,000 workers. Hanging by ropes over the edges of thousand-foot cliffs, workmen planted dynamite, then with pick and shovel carved the highway into near-vertical rock faces. All told, the road required 61 bridges and 85 tunnels. Accidents were almost a daily occurrence. One typhoon last August washed out four whole miles, necessitating complete rebuilding at a higher level.

The road is the pet project of the Generalissimo's eldest son, Lieut. General Chiang Ching-kuo. As head of the Vocational Assistance Commission for retired servicemen, he conceived the road as a way to provide useful work for the growing number of aging veterans of the 400,000-man Nationalist army. Last week many an old soldier was staying behind to take work in logging camps or else settle down on a little mountainside farm with a Formosan-born wife. The road is also expected to boost Formosa as a tourist attraction. A new 60-room hotel has been built at one of the most scenic mountain spots, and the Chinese are even talking of skiing facilities an auto drive away from their tropical coastland.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

That Martial Fever

The wacky obsession of Fidel Castro's Cuba last week was that war with the U.S. was close at hand. "Machetes ready, rifles oiled," cautioned the mouthpiece newspaper *Revolución*, "Yankee warships off the Cuban coast!" In the drumfire of propaganda, even some of Castro's 6,000 political prisoners began believing the lies. "Every time we heard a plane go overhead," reported a prisoner just released, "we thought the Americans were coming to rescue us."

The only plane that came was a twin-engine Piper Apache piloted by a U.S. adventurer whom U.S. authorities had been trying to get the goods on since last year. The pilot was Matthew Edward Duke, 45, ex-Navy flyer and ex-husband of Melody Thomson, 35, blonde heiress to a \$5,000,000 tobacco fortune. In 1947, Duke hit the skids, got picked up on bad-check charges, then turned to the dangerous game of flying anti-Castro Cubans to U.S. exile for \$1,000 a job.

When he touched down just at daybreak on a highway 15 miles west of Havana last week, Cuban police were waiting in ambush. As Duke gunned the plane to escape, the police riddled it with sub-machine gunfire and killed him.

Castro himself created another flurry by reporting that the U.S. frigate *Norfolk* had violated Cuban waters and that a Cuban patrol boat had fired on a U.S. sub. The U.S. Navy answered that the *Norfolk* would have run aground had it been where the Cubans said it was. The sub *Sea Poacher* reported that it might have been shot at on May 6 more than five miles off Cuba, but the shots were so wild that the sub crew thought the tracer bullets were signal flares. Even so, the U.S. made a formal protest to Havana.

A main purpose of the war flapping apparently was to divert attention from the seizure of the only important anti-Castro newspaper in Cuba (see PRESS). But if the bearded Castro himself really thought his country in peril, he hardly showed it. He escorted Indonesia's President Sukarno around the island, then took ship for the "Hemingway Tourney." Castro's impressive catch: a 46-lb. sailfish and three marlin weighing 47, 54 and 74 lbs.

CENTRAL AMERICA

Waking Nations

As the brassy sun signals noon each day, Central America is a place that O. Henry would still recognize. A fly-buzz quiet settles over the cobblestone streets of Tegucigalpa, Honduras; the weary bell of the city's crumbling, weather-stained cathedral gives out a few clunks, and toothless crones in black shawls shuffle inside. In Managua, Nicaragua, scrawny men, their shirtsails out, flop gratefully in shady places in the plazas. In El Sal-

vador, leaving some ornate mansion, a member of one of the 14 families that run the country glides by limousine to his club for an afternoon of bridge high above the sewer stink of acres of shacks. But before and after siesta time, the five sleepy nations of Central America are stirring with new hopes. By jolt or by shout, Central America is being kicked out of bed.

In 1821 when Central America found itself independent of Spain as a by-product of the Mexican Revolution, the region's liberators tried to turn it into a single nation. Instead, the United States of Central America quickly split into backwater statelets. The backwaters are still backward, but new currents are flowing in them. Since World War II, peasants and Indians have learned that hunger and disease need not be normal, that poverty and ignorance are not man's natural lot. In every presidential palace in Central America, new or remodeled Presidents show themselves aware of the pressure.

President Mario Echandi, 44, of **Costa Rica**, is far ahead of the rest, mostly because of a head start. Coffee-based Costa Rica was settled by an industrious Spanish middle class of artisans, farmers and shopkeepers, forced to do their own work after warfare and disease wiped out the Indians who provided indolent grantees with slave labor throughout the rest of Central America. Now it is the isthmus' most prosperous, democratic, law-abiding and literate country. It has the only siz-

able middle class. Proudly it shuns militarism. Echandi, who recently sold off most of the country's already slim supply of arms, says: "We have 600 schools and 600 policemen. Of 19,000 government employees, 10,500 work for the Education Ministry." With the aid of a \$10 million loan from the Chase Manhattan Bank, Echandi is diversifying the one-crop economy and attracting new small industry.

Closest behind Costa Rica is **Guatemala**, which has the most heavy Mayan population in Central America. President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes has succeeded a pair of abbreviated administrations—the Communist-infiltrated regime of Jacobo Arbenz, overthrown in 1954 by Carlos Castillo Armas with U.S. help, and Castillo Armas' corrupt regime, cut off by an assassin's bullet. With quiet humor and calculated eccentricity, President Ydigoras, 64, has made himself a popular figure. Refusing to live in the presidential palace, he has installed himself—along with a twittering aviary, a pet deer and a dwarf footman—in a remodeled museum.

Ydigoras is staying on top in Guatemala by stealthily heeling his opponents' most popular promises and adapting them to his own pattern. Over breakfast of papaya and Rice Krispies, he reports: "The masses are very content, as they should be, because force is not being used." He is quietly pushing for an income tax, for agricultural diversity, and for industrialization. The pushing is paying off in such tangles as





IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL IN TEGUCIGALPA
Hunger is not normal, nor ignorance natural.

Bruce Henderson

a new fruit-juice plant, expanded textile and plastics plants, a new paint factory, and Central America's first oil refinery. Cement production has doubled since 1952, lumber production has tripled. But 70% of Guatemalans are illiterate, and more than 50% of the workers are subsistence farmers.

Liberal President Ramón Villeda Morales, 51, successor to a junta that overthrew a military-backed dictatorship, calls Honduras the "country of the four 70s—70% are illiterate, 70% are illegitimate, 70% are rural, 70% of deaths are caused by avoidable sicknesses." Struggling with wildly fluctuating banana revenues, harassed by gadfly rebellions, and hampered by a terrain chopped by helter-skelter mountains into countless inaccessible valleys, Villeda measures progress in inches. Villeda yearns to close a deal with a U.S. combine of National Bulk Carriers, Inc. and Crown Zellerbach Corp. for a \$50 million pulp and paper industry in the empty northeast, but has been blocked by opposition Congressmen who say that would "denude" Honduras of timber.

In Nicaragua, President Luis Somoza, 37, and National Guard Boss Anastasio ("Tachito") Somoza Jr., 35, run the government as a brother act. Nicaraguans hope the brothers will keep President Luis' promise to give up control of the country in the 1963 elections, but Luis blandly says that he will be "getting into politics every now and then," and Tachito says: "I don't have any plans of resigning." Except for Somoza enterprises, the nation stagnates; illiteracy is 80%. But the Somozas are at least saying the right things nowadays, even if their countrymen would like more than words. "My biggest worry is the guy who hasn't got a piece of meat in his belly," says Tachito. "I'm like Marx. I think everything is economic."

In El Salvador, where the lush coffee-land is cultivated up to the very lips of volcano craters, the gulf between haves

and have-nots is broadest. Peasants jam the land at the rate of over 300 per sq. mi. The President, Infantry Colonel José María Lemus, 47, is proud that "you cannot get a common laborer here nowadays for less than 80¢ a day." Last year he built 571 housing units, but to keep up with the population increase of more than 3%, 17,000 units were needed. El Salvador has lured foreign enterprise. Plans are under way for a \$10 million fertilizer plant and a \$15 million Esso refinery. A new paint factory and cardboard-box factory are going up; a cigarette plant and an aluminum-extrusion mill are in production. A 58-boat fishing fleet has been launched.

Prosperity Pool. Once again, the five nations are thinking of a unified Central America, or at least a common market. Not one of the five nations is as big as Florida, and all of them would fit into Texas with plenty of Texas left over. The region's total population is about 12 million, with a per capita annual income of \$230, which is at least double China's or India's. To take advantage of this market and to pool resources for overall development, the five nations agreed in 1951 to a progressive freeing of trade. Last year they standardized import duties on 5% of their imports, thereby built a Central America-wide protective tariff wall around these items. Early this year El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras, each under heavy pressure at home to speed development, met to form a Central American "inner three." They agreed to shoot for a customs union in five years.

Fidel Castro's ambassadors on the isthmus are diligently stirring discontent with skillful propaganda, lending films, arranging free trips to Cuba, organizing "Friends of Cuba Associations," befriending labor unions. But so far, his implicit encouragement to revolution has not caught on in Central America. The five nations seem content with the progress that they can see—and the long siestas they still cherish.



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PEOPLE

A half-century after Rough Rider Theodore Roosevelt made a year-long safari through Kenya and Uganda, Teddy's grandson **Kermit**, 44, a vice president of Gulf Oil Corp., set out with two of his sons to retrace some of the route. Kermit Roosevelt will carry the same .405 big-game rifle that his grandfather lugged from Mombasa to Khartoum, but the present-day Roosevelt's safari will last only 25 days, be a much less lavish expedition than Teddy's. Aside from the hunting, Kermit, also a writing man, will take notes and pictures for a contemplated book and magazine articles.

In Rome, where he is starring in a beef-and-brawn movie for United Artists, **Bob Mathias**, 29, the 1948 and 1952 Olympic decathlon champion, heaved a shot at the U.S. Amateur Athletic Union, which has barred him from further amateur competition because he is now a professional actor. "We can't catch the Russians in sports until the A.A.U. changes its rules on amateurs," said he. Mathias' flat prediction on this year's Olympic games: "The Russians will win."

After a month's visit to the U.S., Sicily's Red-leaning Poet **Salvatore Quasimodo**, 58, winner of last year's Nobel Prize for literature, returned home convinced that the U.S. deserves more sympathy than it has ever gotten from him. What surprised Quasimodo most was that, amidst all the U.S.'s material wealth, poets seem to sprout "everywhere." But he still believes that the U.S. neglects its poets' social security. Said Quasimodo, whose poetry will get its first sizable English rendition in a book that will be published in the U.S. next month: "The United States, in spite of its riches, does



BISHOP OF WA & POPE JOHN
For young nations.

not think well enough of its poets to take care of them when they are too old to write."

In a morning-long ceremony at St. Peter's in Rome, **Pope John XXIII** consecrated 14 missionary bishops, underscored the Vatican's aim to proselytize the world's youngest nations. Among seven African Negroes elevated was Poreku Dery, Ghana's new Bishop of Wa. Others came from countries that are antiquating most maps of Africa—Ruanda-Urundi, the Voltaic, Ivory Coast and Malagasy republics. With a prayerful eye on this week's summit talks, His Holiness said: "The attention of millions is directed with deep anxiety on the words, actions, appearances of the highest representatives of the great nations on whose consciences lie, in great measure, the building up or the shattering of the peace of the world."

NATO's Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, Air Force General **Lauris Norstad**, 53, was bedded in Munich's U.S. Army hospital after suffering a "very slight coronary occlusion" while golfing in Bavaria.

Entering into retirement after almost 30 years at Columbia University, Sociologist **Robert Staughton Lynd**, 67, received flowers from students, expressed surprise that so many were present at his last class session. Said Lynd, who with his wife Helen in 1929 published *Middletown*, a classic sociological case study of U.S. community life: "I hadn't expected there would be any last class as such, but I find that there is. I had expected that I would walk out of Fayerweather Hall, down the steps, out the engine room as I always had, and on to Amsterdam Ave-

nue and take the bus home. I had thought I would dust myself off a little, and that would be retirement."

When New Zealand's **Sir Edmund Hillary**, co-conqueror of Mount Everest, quests for the Abominable Snowman in the high Himalaya next winter, there is an outside chance that he will bump into his wife: Lady Hillary announced last week that she and a female friend will take a mountain stroll on their own this February, trek some 170 miles from Katmandu to Thyangboche over some rugged territory. Discussing her project as casually as if it were a Girl Scout hike, Louise Hillary said: "We intend to climb a ridge or two and have a look at the view."

Returning to Manhattan from his jungle clinic in northern Laos, **Dr. Thomas Dooley**, 33, cofounder of MEDICO (Medical International Cooperation), issued a glowing report that the program is now rolling strong in ten countries: "Local governments put up the hospitals and we are simply the people who run them." Asked about recent criticism that he is a publicity seeker, Dr. Tom quoted from "an old Chinese proverb": "When one lift head above crowd, bound to receive rotten fruit." Then Tom Dooley entered a Manhattan hospital to continue his own personal fight against disease, got a complete checkup on his progress since removal of a chest cancer last summer. His prognosis will be reported to him soon.

In a 20th Century-Fox movie titled *High Time*, Crooner **Bing Crosby**, 59, plays the role of a middle-aged restaurateur who hankers for a college education. After matriculating in a Southern institution, Crosby has to survive a fraternity initiation requiring him to crash a cotillion ball as a belle. All triggered up in a blonde wig, false eyelashes, lipstick, rouge



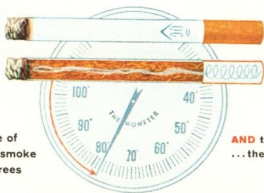
Neal Rennie—The New York Times
SALVATORE QUASIMODO
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BING CROSBY
For middle age.

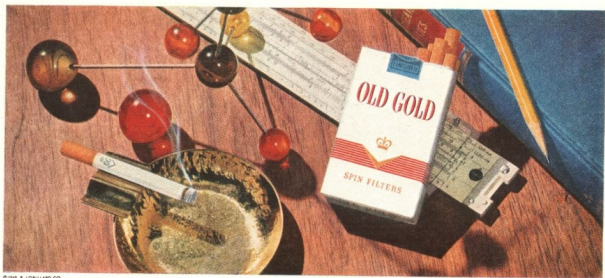
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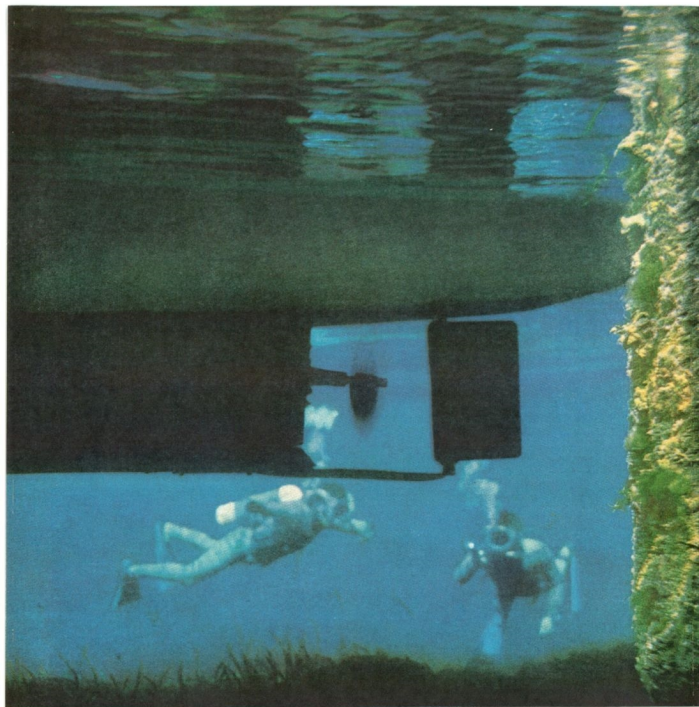
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and falsies, Crosby volunteered: "No wonder the ladies of the day got the vapors and fainted. I feel like a barrel with the staves too tight."

For many a year Yalermen have carried on an ivyish debate about whether one of Yale's better-known alumni, Composer **Cole Porter** ('13), deserves an honorary degree, despite the fact that his accomplishments are more acoustic than academic. University officials stayed silent on the subject last week, but word leaked out that Porter, on the eve of his 67th birthday next month, will get an honorary degree (best guess: Doctor of Music) at his apartment in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers. Reason for the honor *in absentia*: Tunemsmith Porter, injured badly in a 1937



COMPOSER PORTER (1954)
More acoustic than academic.

spill from a horse, had his right leg amputated two years ago, is too frail to undergo the ceremonies in New Haven. At week's end, Yalerman Porter got an accolade at the Metropolitan Opera House. A dozen composers and other talent presented "A Salute to Cole Porter" in a charity powwow whose best seats sold at \$62.50 a head.

Although he is regarded as a real spellbinder in his home territory, Wisconsin's Democratic Governor **Gaylord Anton Nelson**, 43, has brooded of late over his relative obscurity as an orator to most of the Democratic powers in Washington. Nelson has a special reason for concern: he wants to be the keynote speaker at July's Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. Last week he took direct action, sent excerpts from his speeches to several score influential Washington Democrats on a long-play record titled *Around Wisconsin with Gaylord Nelson*. With the record came a plea: "Any word you might drop at Democratic national headquarters could be a real help."

TIME, MAY 23, 1960



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THE PRESS

"I Can't Be Bothered"

The way his White House underlings have often described it, Dwight Eisenhower's every-morning breakfast consists of orange juice, a steak, coffee—and generous portions of the *Washington Post* and *Times-Herald*, the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, along with occasional tastes of the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Chicago Tribune*. But at the President's press conference last week, Pat Munroe of Chicago's *American* asked Ike himself about his newspaper-reading habits.

The question: "When a cartoon or column appears in the press that is unfriendly to you, we often hear people say: 'I'll bet they won't let the President see that one.' Now what are your regular habits, sir, for keeping up with what we are saying about you?"

The answer: "Well, I don't know whether you can call it a habit—for the simple reason that it takes a lot of time if I was going to keep track of what all you people say. I take the—what I call the important sections of the Sunday papers that review world events—go over the things, and those are the things I study carefully. The kind of thing that you talk of, cartoons and unfriendly quips, I just can't be bothered."

The Press & the U-2

In the first days after the U-2 case broke, a general reading of the U.S. daily press could only have led to the conclusions that 1) the U.S. was almost totally in the wrong, and 2) chances for "success" at the Paris summit conference had been woefully diminished. From country publisher to Washington pundit, from cartoonist (see cuts) to editorial writer, came the outcries.

Wrote the Poplar Bluff, Mo. *American Republic*: "Uncle Bungle has done it again!" Said the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald*: "The incident has had this



Herblock—© 1960, The Washington Post Co.
"WHAT'S SO FUNNY?"

momentary effect of damaging the prestige of the U.S., of alarming or embarrassing the allies, and of fueling Mr. Khrushchev's propaganda machine. This country was caught with jam on its hands." Asked the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Was the information to be obtained from the flight worth the possible political loss suffered by the capture and exploitation by the Reds? It is hard to put the wings of peace on the cloak of a spy."

"Barefaced Liar." Chicago's *American* criticized the U.S.'s Central Intelligence Agency for its "stupidity in sending a flying spy to risk getting caught in the middle of Russia just before the summit conference." Said the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*: "Do our intelligence operatives enjoy so much freewheeling authority that they can touch off an incident of grave international import by low-level decisions unchecked



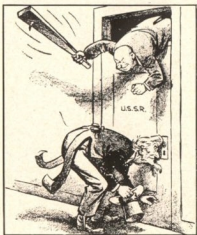
Yardley—Baltimore Sun

SUGGESTED SLOGAN FOR
OUR CLOAK & DAGGER MASTERMINDS

by responsible policymaking power?" The *Post-Dispatch* also called for an official investigation "into the circumstances which placed our country before the world in the light of a barefaced liar." The *Sacramento Bee* said the Eisenhower Administration had "left matters so subordinates could wreck the conference and possibly provoke war." Headlined the *San Francisco Chronicle*: MORAL LEADERSHIP OF U.S. HARMED.

Of all the worriers, none wrote a gloomier lead than the *New York Times*'s Washington Bureau Chief James Reston. Said Reston, sounding somewhat like Gabriel Heatter: "This was a sad and perplexed capital tonight, caught in a swirl of charges of clumsy administration, bad judgment and bad faith."

"Wonderful News." There were, to be sure, some early exceptions to the general hand-wringing. The *New York Daily News* was predictably truculent in advising President Eisenhower about how to reply to Khrushchev's charges: "To sweet talk this rat at this time would only encourage him to further pre-summit impudence."



Jensen—Chicago Daily News
IRRESISTIBLE TARGET

Said Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner*: "The way some people are talking, you would think we had sold our world leadership down the Volga." Said the *Chicago Tribune*: "In the bargaining at the summit, the Soviet demands and claims will be deterred only by the knowledge which the Russians have of U.S. power. The incident of the U-2 should not encourage them to believe that the U.S. is powerless."

One of the most closely reasoned early judgments came from *New York Times* Military Reporter Hanson W. Baldwin, who found encouragement in the fact that the Russians had been unable to shoot down previous U.S. planes flying over Soviet territory: "The shooting down of a U-2 indicates not a Soviet lead in the defensive anti-aircraft missiles but, on the contrary, a Soviet lag." That same idea was enthusiastically endorsed by Columnist Joseph Alsop, who can ordinarily find a cloud to surround any silver lining: "There is also wonderful news in the bad news of the American plane that was shot down in the Soviet Union."

"Manifest Absurdity." By late last week the U.S. press as a whole had had time to make some thoughtful, corrective judgments of the U-2 affair—and of its first reaction. Wrote United Feature Syndicate Columnist William S. White: "The people who ought to be on the side of the U.S. are doing more than its enemies to destroy its influence as the irreplacable leader of the free world. The incident of the American 'spy plane' is being inflated to manifest absurdity. Why don't we—and our friends abroad—quit buying the melodramatic rubbish the Russians are putting out?"

Even more outspoken was the *New York Times*, which had been marching up and down hill on the issue for several days. In one of the toughest editorials it has run in recent years, the *Times*, under the heading of THE BREAST BEATERS, wrote last weekend: "The fervent sincerity with which some naive Americans have been publicly beating their breasts because we have sent reconnaissance planes across the Soviet Union's frontiers is matched by the nauseating hypocrisy with which Pre-

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BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA®

mier Khrushchev, who is not naive, has been castigating us for our 'act of aggression.' The Americans should know, as Mr. Khrushchev knows, that every nation in the world attempts, in peace as well as in war, to learn what it can about its potential enemies. That is not only a function of self-defense, it is a prime requisite. Above all, it is not a question of morals, it is a matter of necessity. Let us have done with the whimpering about espionage being a departure 'from the code of responsible international behavior.' It has been part of the code from the beginning of time and it will be to the end. Unacknowledged, yes; distasteful, as President Eisenhower observed, yes—but necessary and inevitable . . .

"Mr. Khrushchev's injured innocence is ludicrous, though in the midst of his threats he does admit that the reconnaissance flight was made 'not as a preparation for war.' It is perfectly natural that he is exploiting all the propaganda advantage possible out of our bad luck and bad judgment—but that does not mean that we must act as though we had been caught in the middle of a Czechoslovakia or a Hungary or a Korea."

Truth in Cuba

"Cuba has always belonged to the bloc of free and democratic nations. Why remove it from the bloc and incline it toward the Communist nations?"

Twenty-four hours after this editorial question appeared in Havana's *Diario de la Marina*, armed thugs from the Castro-controlled Cuban newspaper unions last week seized the paper, stilled the only remaining newspaper voice in Cuba that had continually dared to criticize the Castro regime.

For months *Diario* and Editor José Ignacio Rivero, 39, had been living on borrowed time as they blasted Castro's arbitrary rent reductions, his agrarian farm laws ("Hundreds of people have had their property taken away without compensation"), his flirtation with Communism. Boldly the newspaper spoke out for "democratic normalcy and the law. Is this a crime? Is it immoral? Are there not a lot of Cuban people who want the same?" Castro tolerated such impudence only because *Diario* was considered the unofficial spokesman for the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba and because it furnished proof to "Yankee imperialists" that freedom of the press did exist under his government.

For its stand, *Diario* paid dearly. Over the months, Castro mobs had burned bundles of the paper in the streets, and Editor Rivero, fearful for his life, went into hiding, stayed in the homes of friends all over the city. When word reached Castro last week that *Diario* planned an editorial calling for free elections, the Premier's patience snapped and the seizure order went out. In its first editorial statement, the new management of the paper justified the take-over, said that under Rivero, *Diario* had "attacked all that signifies truth, justice, patriotism and decency in our Cuba."

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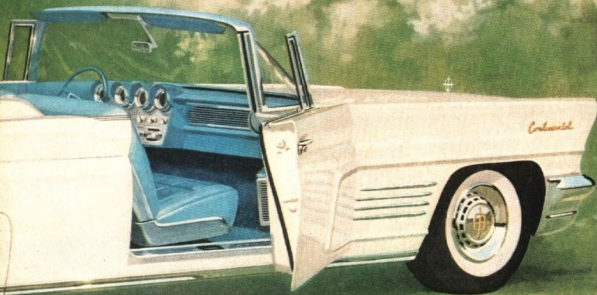
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SPORT

Sad Sam

They sprint up long ramps and scale aisles like mountain goats to get to their seats on time. They start cheering with the first pitch and continue to the last. So far this year, heart attacks have hit twelve San Francisco Giant fans; five were fatal. Last week City Coroner Henry W. Turkel pleaded for rooters with coronary histories to take things easier at the Giants' new Candlestick Park. But no one seemed to pay much attention to the warning: the Giants were in first place in the National League, thanks in good part to a dour Negro named Sam Jones, one of baseball's most exciting pitchers.

Last week "Sad Sam" Jones, 34, pitched a two-hitter to beat the Philadelphia Phillies 1 to 0. The shutout brought Jones' earned-run average to 1.91 and his record to four wins against two losses. Of his other three victories, one was a one-hitter and two were three-hitters.

Long recognized as having great speed and a wicked curve, Jones has finally conquered the wildness that made him a vagabond during most of his eleven years in organized baseball. Somehow San Francisco's crisp weather seems just right for Jones' aging right arm (he claims that it shrinks two inches every game). Somehow the stiff wind that blows in from Candlestick Park's leftfield now seems to make his curve ball more effective, though as a minor-leaguer he once vowed: "I'll never pitch in this windy city again."

Following Jones' lead, other Giant pitchers were performing wonders: in the course of running up a seven-game winning streak, they recorded three consecutive shutouts. But Sad Sam Jones is the mainstay of the Giants' pennant hopes, and no one knows it better than Manager Bill Rigney. Says he: "In the past 15 years the only Giant pitcher I'd compare with Jones is Sal Maglie for getting cute, for making that ball curve or take off, and Sam is a damn sight faster."

Life at La Ronda

The contracts were signed, the tickets went on sale at \$10 to \$100 a seat, and the promotional drums began going rub-a-dub-dub. Off to a fancy Catskills resort last week went World Heavyweight Champion Ingemar Johansson, accompanied by a horde of newsmen, handlers and hangers-on, as he began training to defend his title in Manhattan's Polo Grounds on June 20.

His opponent had been training for months, but under very different circumstances. In a shabby, shut-down Fairfield County, Conn. nightclub, with a ring set up on the dance floor and punching bags slung over the sagging bandstand, Floyd Patterson talked broodingly to the only reporter (from TIME) who had come to watch him work out.

At 25, Patterson is sleepy-eyed, smooth-muscled and filled with the melancholy of defeat. Over and over, he relives in his



STONE-TOSSING

Associated Press



BAG-PUNCHING

Tommy Weber



WOOD-CHOPPING

"I can't stand having people boo."

mind the third round of his fight in Yankee Stadium last June 26, when a series of Johansson right-hands made him the ex-champ. "I don't remember going out," says Patterson. "When I heard the referee say 'neutral corner,' I thought I'd knocked Ingemar out. Then I got up and started to talk and I had this pain in the back of my head and I'd have laid odds that it was the referee who hit me there from behind."

"When You Take a Fall . . ." Patterson's defeat embittered him. "When I was champion," he recalls, "everybody was patting you on the shoulder, telling you this and that all the time until you thought, 'Holy mackerel, these people really like me.' Then, when you take a fall, you can see who your real friends are." After the Johansson fight, Patterson shut himself off from his friends and from the press for weeks. Then, last September, he rented the La Ronda nightclub in Newtown, Conn. and started training again. He has been at it ever since.

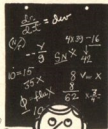
At La Ronda, Patterson's life is monastic. Says his trainer, Dan Florio: "Even his wife can't go upstairs to his room." In his tiny, pink-walled room, equipped only with necessary furniture, a crucifix and a certificate naming him an honorary Fairfield County deputy sheriff, Patterson gets up at 6 a.m. He puts on khaki pants a leather jacket, paratrooper boots and a cream-colored cap, runs from three to five miles before breakfast. He chops wood, skips rope, works for hours on the bags. In the dance-floor ring, he takes out his frustrations on his sparring partners, particularly a pug named Ed Bunyan. "He's broke my nose and ribs already," says Bunyan. "Every time I go in there, I say to myself, 'This may be my day not to get killed.' Pretty soon he'll have knocked me down every possible way." Four or five times a day, Patterson telephones his wife, who spends most of her time at their Rockville Centre home on Long Island.

"This Time . . ." Most of all, Patterson plans for his return bout with Johansson. He does not intend to change his "peekaboo" style, with hands carried high in front of his face, which has been criticized on the ground that it inhibits his punching power. Says he: "You'd be surprised at the number of times I've felt their gloves hit my gloves and how grateful I was that my gloves were there. Otherwise it would've been my head. Anyway, I won a championship with it, didn't I?"

Patterson is now determined not to be overly aggressive against Johansson. "He's a very patient fighter," says Patterson. "He's waiting for you to make the one mistake so he can one-punch you. Last time I was champion. People expected me to finish him off. But I was afraid they'd start booing because it started out dull, and I can't stand hearing people boo. I got nervous about it and that made me careless. This time maybe he'll have to be more aggressive than he'd like to be."

The ex-champ shrugged. "This time he's the champion."

FENTON FIGURES while Robt. Burns



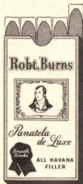
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Associated Press

New Crew

The giants of U.S. crew racing were on hand for the Eastern sprint championships on Massachusetts' Lake Quinsigamond. Undeclared were high-stroking Navy, powerful Pennsylvania, and a veteran Harvard boat that had won 13 straight over the last two years. Against that kind of company, the inexperienced Cornell crew seemed the rankest sort of outsider. Result: Cornell won.

With the championships approaching, Cornell's Coach Harrison ("Stork") Sanford had a varsity crew that rowed as though its shell had a lead keel. Cornell had raced only once this year, finishing a poor second to Navy over a short course. Indeed, Sanford's varsity could not even beat the Cornell junior varsity crew; the jayvees twice won practice races last week by three lengths. To Sanford, there was only one logical answer: he made the jayvees the varsity, keeping only one man from the old crew.

In the championship sprint last weekend, Navy was favored to get off to an early lead with its power-stroking beat of around 40 strokes per minute, then fight it out at the finish with Harvard, which gets great drive from its rhythmic beat of 32. Instead, Cornell surged from the stake boats with a breathless beat of 41, moved ahead like a wide-open hydroplane. Once they had the lead, Cornell's ex-jayvees coolly dropped the beat to 31, understroking even Harvard. Rowing against an 18-m.p.h. wind, Cornell held on to the end of the 2,000-meter course, beating off a desperate finishing effort by Harvard. Of the favored crews, Navy was third and Pennsylvania was sixth and last.

After the race, Harvard's Stroke Perry

Boyden stripped off his shirt, gave it to Cornell's Stroke Harry Moseley in a traditional ceremony. It was the first jersey Boyden had lost since high school, and he promised that he would win a Cornell shirt after the Olympic trials in July. But Cornell's Coach Sanford is just beginning to develop his young bunch. Said he: "We still have to learn how to sprit. I'm positive this crew of mine is far from its peak."

Scoreboard

¶ Just a few days after he had claimed he would be racing for another 15 years, Driver Harry Schell, a perennial 39, was killed when his Cooper spun off Britain's Silverstone course on a trial run for the International Trophy Race. Born in Paris of American parents, Schell fought as a tail gunner in the Finnish air force against Russia in 1939, later earned a reputation for being as carefree off the track as he was prudent on it, made a career of finishing well up in the pack but seldom in front. Said Britain's Stirling Moss: "Harry was the last gay cavalier in the motor racing game."

¶ Purchased for \$2,500 two years ago, Bally Ache was sold by Owner Leonard Fruchtman for \$1,250,000 to a syndicate headed by Joseph L. Arnold of Lexington, Ky., which was undismayed by the fact that the three-year-old colt finished second in the Kentucky Derby.

¶ In the first inning, the 6-ft. 4-in., 210-lb. righthander walked the St. Louis Cardinals' Alex Grammas with one out. After that, Chicago Cub Pitcher Don Cardwell, 24, acquired by trade just two days before from the Philadelphia Phillies, retired the next 26 men in a row for a 4-0 victory and the first no-hitter of the 1960 major league season.



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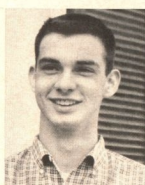
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COLORADO'S SILVER



NEW YORK'S FIELD
The decisions often seemed



BEN MARTIN
LONG ISLAND'S VAUGHAN
downright whimsical.



ILLINOIS' BLAIR

Ivy Harvest

In mailboxes across the country last week, the letter that brought whoops or wails finally arrived. It came from one of the East's eight Ivy League men's colleges or the Seven Sisters women's colleges. Some kids took it with aplomb. When Brian Silver, 17, slammed into the house from Denver's East High School, his mother handed him two letters. He opened them coolly and said: "I've been accepted by Yale and Harvard. I think I'll go to Harvard." His calm was rare. On Long Island, N.Y., Ciba Ruth Vaughan, 18, dragged nervously home from Great Neck North Senior High School, finally faced the letter from Smith College. She was in. Bumbled Ciba: "I went crazy. I must have called 80 people to break the news."

In a year when 900,000 freshmen will enter U.S. colleges, the news affected only a handful. The Ivy League men's colleges rejected 25,740 students (the women's colleges release no figures). They accepted 13,040 boys to fill 8,545 places in September; the disparity is due to multiple admissions. But the handful were the most pawed over in the U.S. A precursor of the future at other colleges across the U.S., this year's Ivy League race was the fiercest of all time. It reached such a pitch that one Manhattan executive, overhearing two matrons as they were getting out of a taxi, swears that he heard one say: "Of course I'd sleep with him if I thought it would get Billy into Yale."

"Most Rigorous." Fueled by war babies and hunger for status, the spurt in Ivy League applications ranged from 10% over last year at Cornell to 28% at the University of Pennsylvania. The average: 16%. With an 18% boost in final applications, Princeton's Director of Admission C. William Edwards called the selection job "the most rigorous in my experience." It was just as bad for women's colleges. Radcliffe had 1,000 "well-qualified" applicants for a freshman class of 280.

Thousands of youngsters could ask: Why was I accepted or rejected? The decisions often seemed downright whimsical. At McLean (Va.) High School, David Stanley, 18, top boy in his class, was turned down by Swarthmore, which accepted Jerry Nelson, 16, whose grades

EDUCATION

were mediocre. At New York City's Andrew Jackson High School, Rickey Field, 18, was accepted by Harvard, Princeton and Columbia, but turned down by the University of Michigan. At New York's Riverdale Country School, James Avary, 18, applied only to Princeton. His College Board English and math aptitude scores averaged only 580 (out of a possible 800), but he was accepted.

Down with NumBers. Why? Students like Avary, who happens to be a three-letter athlete (and a Georgia boy attending a fine New York private school), were a clue to the fact that colleges have turned more than ever to subjective choices. One reason: so many more applicants are scoring so much higher on objective tests that the tests are less decisive. Today's decisions are frequently no longer even "rational," according to College Board President Frank Bowles. (He feels that the tests will simply have to be made tougher.) Yale's Dean of Admissions Arthur Howe Jr. says that results from the March tests (received in April) are too late to be useful. Next year he will not even consider tests taken later than December.

Whether or not they agree, other admissions men have turned to all sorts of "intangible" criteria. As Dartmouth's Director Edward T. Chamberlain Jr. puts it: "We say in the net we think this boy is a better boy for Dartmouth (to hell with the numbers) and we take that boy."

An example is Grosse Pointe High School's Tony Lott, accepted by Dartmouth, although he scored 470 on the English achievement test. He weighs 202 lbs. and is a varsity football guard. (He "might" go out for football at Dartmouth.) Walter Empson of Hillcrest High School in Dallas averaged only 600 on the tests, but was president of the student council and a star basketball player. His letter from Princeton was no surprise: "The coach told me some time ago that I was pretty well in." This sort of thing evokes the words of a top Eastern college representative, who interviewed a star quarterback (with fine marks) no' long ago: "Scholarships are made only on the basis of need, and we need you."

Hairsplitting. But such cases are extreme. Almost invariably, last week's chosen few with average academic ability had other qualifications: an offbeat talent, a semifinalist rank in the Merit Scholarship competition, a drive to become something specific in life, a glowing recommendation from high school teachers. The Ivy League makes few "fuzzy" choices, says Fritz Meier, boys' counselor at suburban (Chicago) Oak Park and River Forest High Schools. "They've been involved in selective admissions for a long, long time, and they've become rather skilful."

From nearby New Trier Township High School, for example, Princeton received three applications:

¶ **Bill Ohle**, 358th in a class of 898, had aptitude scores of 673 (verbal) and 620 (math). He lettered twice in cross-country and track, was an Eagle Scout.

¶ **Bruce Blair**, 324th in the class, scored 711 and 658 on the tests, is the school's best discus thrower, a reserve on the football team, and one of the leads in the school opera.

¶ **Dave Hatcher**, 260th in the class, scored 630 and 590, is an outstanding runner (a 1:59 flat half-mile), the vice president of the sailing club, and a dancer in the school review.

Which boy would Princeton accept? All of them were topnotch candidates, but Princeton chose one. The hairsplitting decision: Bruce Blair, admitted on the strength of his general well-rounded record and strong aptitude-test scores. Ohle and Hatcher were undismayed. They both got into Brown, their first choice on the basis of a spring trip to it and Princeton. "A party school" was the way Hatcher saw Princeton. "I am willing to sacrifice Princeton's better name for what I think will be a better education."

Find a Motive. Subjective or not, the Ivy League schools were far from easy on themselves in last week's choices. Using a typical method, Columbia's Dean of Undergraduate Admissions David Dudley lined up 3,000 applications for 670 places. His staff first ranked each boy on the sole basis of two aptitude scores. Some were clearly admissible on this basis, some not. The problem: 800 middle-group applicants for 400 places. From then on, intangibles were vital. The chief gauge: "Finding the



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kid who looks stronger on incentive, who has a real motive." Recalls Dudley: "We moved around the table, shuffling papers. We moved more and more slowly." It took two days to eliminate 50 of 200 candidates for 150 places. "We have to look for every scrap of information we can get. We've turned down kids who were absolutely terrific, kids who could have walked in here three years ago. We would have gone on our hands and knees to get them."

For every admissions man, the process was harrowing. Princeton's Director Edwards reported that at least two-thirds of the candidates were perfectly qualified to meet Princeton's standards. Harvard had applications from 5,208 boys in more than

democratic factors should be of particular importance. We make no pretensions to infallibility. We deeply regret having to deny the opportunity for a Harvard education to so many qualified students, and are distressed by the disappointments our decisions cause." Adds Columbia's Dean Dudley: "We do try hard. We hope we're making good judgments."

How to Learn to Write

When he began teaching English at Denver's big South High School (3,300 students) in 1935, exuberant Harold Keables lived only six blocks away. It was too far. He bought a house half a block away so that he could get to school faster.



Pat Coffey

TEACHER KEABLES & CLASS (WINNER GRANZOW SECOND FROM LEFT)
Each student is treated as a novel in progress.

2,000 schools, largest number in its three-century history. "At least 95%" were qualified. Yale's Dean Howe was deeply concerned that "highly desirable people are being turned down." Said the University of Pennsylvania's Dean of Admissions Robert H. Pitt: "I often had real difficulty with my own conscience at night."

"We Do Try Hard." Is there any solution? One might be to return to strictly academic criteria. But unless the Ivy League colleges expand (unlikely), or until the nation creates more good colleges that also enjoy Ivy League prestige, besieged admissions men seem due to depend more and more on subjective criteria.

Some officials see this trend as a healthy antidote to overemphasis on tests. Says Wellesley's Director of Admission Mary Evans Chase: "We're interested in character, too, you know. By the way a girl tells us about the things that interest her, and from what her teachers say about her, we may realize that she is a stunning human being. Someone has to be in the bottom half of the class, and often these are the girls."

In a lengthy statement to rejectees, Harvard said: "We believe that nonaca-

Keables whirs out of his front door every morning at 7:30. Within minutes, he begins spouting poetry as he strides up and down before his students. Soon covered with chalk dust, he pounds and perches on the front seats (kept vacant to give him room). He brooks no interruption. If an office messenger invades the room, Keables cries: "I told you we should have locked the door!" If a day-dreaming student stares out the window, Keables peers through his bifocals and thunders: "Get out!"

Lanky Harold Raymond Keables, 60, is brimful of a passion to teach literature and composition to bright seniors. And it pays to pay attention to Teacher Keables.

No. 1 in the U.S. Since 1950, Keables' students have triumphed in the nationwide *Scholastic Magazine* writing contest with 20 first prizes, twelve seconds and 21 thirds. Last week the record was even more impressive. With 23 winners, Denver became the nation's top high school-writing city—and nine of Denver's winners were Keables' students. The No. 1 winner: South High's tiny, pretty Sherry Granzow, 17, a psychologist's daughter



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and one of Keables' seniors. She walked off with the Ernestine Taggard Memorial Award, *Scholastic's* highest honor. She was the third Keables student to do so.

A South High student himself, Keables yearned to teach after graduating from the University of Denver ('23). But his father and two brothers pushed him into the family restaurant business. Quitting after ten unhappy years, he joined the South High faculty, caught fire in the 1940s. "I started late," says he wryly. "But I'm seasoned now, and I know what I'm doing." South High students agree ("Most teachers discuss—Keables teaches"). Says one senior: "In Keables' classes you compete with every other student he's ever had. I've written my heart out trying to beat somebody who's probably old enough to be my mother."

God-Given Ability. In his creative writing class, Keables insists on personal experience: "I want them to write what they have seen, felt or done, not imitate something they've read." He aims at inductive instruction: "The writing itself is the chief basis of teaching." This means that Keables' key work is correcting papers, and a student's first joy is being able to decipher the man's scrawling. Says one student: "If you can read Keables, you've got it made." Says another: "Keables does more writing on a paper than it had when you handed it in to him. But we all love him."

Lugging papers home, Keables goes to work on them immediately (and continues all weekend). He follows his wife around the house, reading to her. Tumbling into bed at 11, he pops up again at 6 to go on working. Delighted by a really good composition, he bounds into class even faster, whips out the paper and says hoarsely: "Now here is something."

Dedicated Teacher Keables is a frustrated writer who treats each student as a kind of novel in progress. He carries on voluminous correspondence with old grads, often gets back weighty manuscripts for criticism. Since he teaches South High's stiffest senior English courses, he gets the best students. He also gets the best out of them.

The Habit of Command

The U.S. Army's youngest major general, William Childs Westmoreland, 46, last week was appointed superintendent of West Point. He succeeds Lieut. General Garrison H. Davidson, 56, who will take command of the Seventh Army in Europe. Tall, trim, South Carolina-born Paratrooper Westmoreland was headed for a general's stars from the start. At West Point ('36) he was a track and basketball star and First Captain of Cadets. A full colonel at 20, he commanded field artillery in World War II (North Africa, Germany) and paratroops in Korea, taught at the Army War College, took over the 101st Airborne Division in 1958. The very model of a modern major general, he made a habit of jumping before his men, is known as a soldier whose mind and manner are ingrained with a general's supreme necessity, "the habit of command."

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SCIENCE

Big Voice from Space

The radio voice of U.S. space probe Pioneer V grew painfully feeble last week. This was not surprising: the voice came from a five-watt transmitter 8,000,000 miles away from the earth. Britain's 250-ft. radio telescope at Jodrell Bank could still hear the signal, but the U.S. station at South Point, Hawaii had to strain its 60-ft. ear. So the time had finally come to shoot the works—by switching on the probe's 150-watt transmitter.

In a Teletype-lined room at Space Technology Laboratories in El Segundo, Calif. gathered a group of tense men. There was a chance that the big transmitter might malfunction and that in its failure it might silence completely its five-watt companion, leaving Pioneer V with no voice at all. Before being sent into space, the big transmitter had been tested rigorously. It had been shaken, spun, heated and cooled. It had survived all such tortures, but no test on earth could duplicate the hostile environment of space. For nearly two months in its trip through space, the transmitter had been soaked in a vacuum higher than can be reached in any earthly laboratory, while powerful radiations riddled it through and through. No one could guess the effects of this ordeal. And no one had ever tried to turn on a transmitter 8,000,000 miles away.

Space Technology Laboratories gave the first order, and up from Jodrell Bank flashed a preliminary signal. Traveling at the speed of light, 186,300 miles per second, it took 43 seconds to reach Pioneer V. The probe's receiver heard it, responded dutifully by allowing a half-strength electric current to flow through the filaments of the big transmitter's tubes. After this initial warmup, the apparatus was rested for six hours to recharge the batteries. Then a second signal commanded the probe to send full current through the tubes. Both tests were successful, a fact

reported to earth by the barely audible voice of the five-watt transmitter.

So far, so good. The California lab told Jodrell Bank to give the final commands; then it listened to the proceedings over an open-voice channel. At intervals of one minute, not long enough to get a response from 8,000,000 miles away, Jodrell sent orders speeding into space. First it told Pioneer V to switch half-power current through the filaments of the 150-watt transmitter. Then it called for full-power current. Then it gave the payoff order: to turn on the high plate voltage that would actually start the big transmitter. Eighty-six seconds after the final command left the earth, the signal strength from Pioneer V increased twentyfold. The big boy was on the line, calling loud and clear from Pioneer V as the probe continued on its lonely journey.

Genetic Rosetta Stone

The nuclei of reproductive cells are mere blobs of protoplasm, apparently much alike. But each of them contains a genetic "instruction code" that tells it how to develop into a particular sort of creature, ranging from a bacterium to a man. In the case of higher animals, the cell's instructions are carried by long, coiled-up molecules of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). In the instance of some viruses, which are the simplest of organisms, the code is found in RNA (ribonucleic acid), which is less complicated. Knowledge of RNA may lead to understanding of DNA—and few prospects are so likely to thrill the present-day biological, chemical or physical scientist, since in DNA lies the secret of heredity and its illnesses, and of life's very nature. Last week came a significant whiff of success in the study of RNA.

Like DNA, the RNA molecule has four different chemical groups—called bases—strung along it in sequences like the peaks and notches on a Yale key. Biolo-

gists are convinced that the bases make up a genetic code of four letters—in roughly the same sense that the Morse code of telegraphy has three letters, dot, dash and space. The scientists' dearest wish is to break the code in order to find what sequence of bases leads to a given genetic result, such as red hair in humans. Reporting in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, Dr. Akira Tsugita and Dr. Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat, both of the University of California at Berkeley, tell this week how they pinned a specific chemical change in a virus to a change in the code of its RNA.

Chemical Mutation. Tsugita and Fraenkel-Conrat worked with TMU, a virus that causes mosaic disease in tobacco plants. TMU's structure is extremely simple. All it has is a core of coiled-up RNA surrounded by a cylindrical jacket made of protein molecules. Tsugita and Fraenkel-Conrat first stripped off the jacket by use of a protein-dissolving chemical. Then they treated the naked RNA with nitrous acid, which is known to affect the RNA's code-carrying bases. After the nitrous acid had acted, the RNA was enabled to clothe itself in a new coat of protein. This made it a functioning virus again, and when it was injected into a tobacco plant, it multiplied in the plant's cells and caused a disease that was slightly different from normal tobacco mosaic.

This result was not sensational in itself. Virologists have known for years that judicious chemical treatment will make viruses mutate and change their behavior. But Tsugita and Fraenkel-Conrat went farther: when they had grown in tobacco plants a good supply of mutated virus, they analyzed its protein and found that it was not quite the same as the protein of normal virus. And in the specialized world of biochemistry this was exciting news. Other chemically induced mutations have shown themselves as changes of behavior, which cannot be described chemically. Now the effect of the change in the virus's RNA can be seen as a definite chemical change in its protein.

Changing the Code. The report from Tsugita and Fraenkel-Conrat went little farther than that. But Nobel Prizewinning Wendell M. Stanley, head of Berkeley's Virus Laboratory, believes that the original action of the nitrous acid was to change one kind of RNA base into another. In other words, RNA's genetic code, while still far from unbroken, has at least been changed.

Dr. Stanley thinks that the techniques used by Tsugita and Fraenkel-Conrat may be developed to the point of proving "a Rosetta Stone for the language of life." If applied to many mutant viruses, they may break entire genetic codes, telling which groups of bases are responsible for what characteristics. The next step, perhaps years away, will be to do the same with the more complicated molecules of DNA that govern the heredity of higher animals. At some point during this effort, genetic researchers may discover preventatives or cures for hereditary ailments that afflict mankind.



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2. "No holds are barred—but it's not easy to make any of them stick when you're sometimes wrestling upsidedown. When I found myself suddenly held fast in a choking neck lock, I thought for sure I'd be forced to go up for air.



3. "Breaking loose with a great effort, I angled my opponent toward one of the poles—but he proved much too slippery for me. Finally, after several more rounds, we invoked the rule of "mutual exhaustion" and, heading wearily for the surface, ended the game in a tie.



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MISCELLANY

Hoodwinked. In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, midnight auto thieves, for fear of being heard starting the engine of a car they were stealing, cleverly pushed it a quarter-mile before they discovered that the engine had been removed for repair.

Shock Trouper. In London, upon plugging in his electric guitar, Rock-n-Roll Singer Keith Kelly moaned "Oooh," got all shook up, finally passed out because his sweaty hands had caused a short circuit in the instrument.

Hot Prospects. In Bloomfield, Conn., fast-talking Real Estate Broker Thomas J. Larkin finished his spiel about the house, wrapped up the deal in the living room while firemen were extinguishing a blaze in the basement.

Self-Service. In Detroit, Carmen Eccles could not understand why a man entered her bakery shop carrying a 4-ft. steel pole with a hook on the end, soon got the message when he thrust it across the display case, successfully snatched her purse.

Snug Harbor. In Whangarei, N.Z., cold-sober Detective Val Edwards saw two greenish eyes staring up at him from inside a tide-carried gin bottle, was about to head for the nearest bar himself when the bottle broke and an octopus emerged.

Off the Trolley. In Jacksonville, Thomas H. Callahan explained to Judge John Santora that he was really waiting for a streetcar when the cops picked him up for vagrancy, got ten days in the clink anyway because there has not been a streetcar in town for 20 years.

Swap Stop. In Manchester, England, an advertisement in the *Evening News* pleaded: "Will the parents of the boy who gave a little boy an apple in exchange for his tricycle kindly return it at once?"

Stir Crazy. In Vancouver, B.C., after being relieved of \$20 worth of coffee spoons per month, Do Nut House Co-Owner George Piekarske decided to put an end to the pilfering once and for all, drilled nice big holes into the bowls of all his spoons.

Blotter Squatter. In Nashville, Tenn., after Pauline Cox's 191st arrest for public drunkenness in eleven years, the local constabulary bowed to the inevitable, logged her address as "Police Station," noted her rent to the city: more than \$1,900 worth of fines and workhouse stints.

Combat Pay. In Albany, N.Y., the court of appeals ruled that Messenger Boy James Johnson, who got banged in the eye with his own misaimed paper clip, was entitled to \$228.64 workmen's compensation because such shenanigans are the common pursuits of unoccupied messenger boys.

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SHOW BUSINESS

THEATER ABROAD

Three Hits in Two Cities

Startling new plays in London and Paris were exciting audiences:

Ross, by British Playwright Terence (Separate Tables) Rattigan, opened last week with Alec Guinness as Lawrence of Arabia. A complex, 16-scene production, the play reaches brilliantly, perhaps too slickly, into its legendary hero's mind, illuminating but never completely resolving the essential enigma: Was Lawrence the spectacular hero who inspired and led the Arabs in their World War I revolt against the Turks, or was he a lying, unstable charlatan?

With the alias John Hume Ross, Lawrence sought anonymity at the height of his fame (1922) by joining the R.A.F. as an ordinary airman (his later and more famous pseudonym was Shaw). Playwright Rattigan's account begins in the barracks, uses a series of flashbacks to go at the hero's question: "Oh, Ross. How did I become you?" As Guinness of Arabia, Sir Alec is at his subtle, suggestive best, and even the physical resemblance is striking. In his radicalism, there is more than a hint of the show-off; in his sophistication, a climber's cunning; in his humility, the prima donna's beady eye. Frightened of latent homosexuality, he shrinks from being touched, can shake hands only with effort. Yet his Lawrence retains the essential nobility of the desert warrior, proudly asserts that "the only God I worship lives up here in this malformed temple and is called the will."

In the play's climax, a captured Lawrence is subjected to torture and homo-



GUINNESS AS LAWRENCE
At his subtle, suggestive best.

Angus McBean

sexual assault by the Turks, and Rattigan plainly suggests that in the attack the will-god broke and fell, as Lawrence realized at last the truth of his own perversion. Not everyone agreed with Playwright Rattigan's picture of Lawrence, but, wrote Critic T. C. Worsely: "As one view of the enigma, this will impose itself for a long time."

Rhinoceros, Avant-Gardist Eugene Ionesco's new play, opened with Sir Laurence Olivier triumphing over the din-and-delirium direction of Orson Welles. Ionesco's famed earlier one-acters dealt opaquely with such subjects as a girl with three noses and a man and wife who share their apartment with a growing corpse. This time the playwright almost approaches realism: everyone but the hero merely turns into a rhinoceros.

Rhinoceros, implies Ionesco, is the most communicable disease of the 20th century: under the pressures of mass-think, man loses his individuality and is driven to joining the bestial herd. Many characters protest the change, but relentlessly their skins thicken and wrinkle, their voices become grunts, and great ski-jump tusks appear on their faces. "We must resist rhinocerotization at any cost," cry the seemingly unaffected, but already they start, rhino-like, to munch odd bits of paper, ivy leaves, potted plants.

Soon the only human left in sight is Olivier, muffling his usual heroic style to play—in what the London Times described as "a performance of infinite finesse"—a mild little boozier who does not agree with the new rhinos that "once civilization is swept away, we shall all feel better." When even the woman in his life becomes a snorting rhinoceros, his own defeat seems close at hand. But he

finds the courage to resist rhinocerotization. In the most "committed" line of Ionesco's career, Olivier shouts past the descending curtain: "I'm not giving up!"

Château en Suède, Françoise Sagan's first play, following her increasingly dull novels, is the biggest Paris hit in many seasons. Sagan's *Castle in Sweden* is 18th century, down to the costumes of the inhabitants, who seem like characters from a summy Watteau canvas driven inside by the chill of autumn—but the time is 1960. Dressing up is this family's mildest eccentricity. Beautiful Éléonore is devoted to her husband Hugo, but this has never prevented her from seducing every male cousin who comes to visit. Also, she has a brother who is as fond of her as she is of those cousins. Then there is Hugo's first wife Ophélie; when, years before, he wanted to leave her for Éléonore, Hugo merely arranged a fake funeral for Ophélie and locked her in the attic.

The plot simmers when the incumbent cousin begins to bore Éléonore. He loves her; he wants to understand her. But she protests: "Do you really think women want to be understood? Women want to be held, you hear me, held. I have nothing to explain. If Hugo learns that I deceive him, he won't try to understand. He'll kill me. He feeds me, he loves me, and he proves it to me evenings."

In the play's climax, Éléonore's cousin-oliver tries to escape from the snowbound château, but in the spring his small bones are found near by. No matter: word arrives that another cousin is coming. It all sounds like an insane parody of bedroom farce, but Playwright Sagan wrote it with skill, wit and a minor wisdom as dry as an eight-year-old fig leaf. Virtually all the critics, including hoary Academician François Mauriac, praised *Château*. Dis-senters could point to an occasional overcleverness and seize on one of Sagan's



Paris-Match

HUGO & OPHÉLIE IN SAGAN'S SWEDEN
In her dry, minor wisdom,

✱ For a theologian's assessment of Olivier's acting style, see RELIGION.



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JULIET PROWSE ONSTAGE & WITH BIG CHIEF SINATRA AT SHARE PARTY
No boy, she.

lines for their text. "Intelligence has become a terrible thing in our time," notes one character, perhaps speaking of the author. "It torments you, it irritates others, it convinces neither them nor you."

HOLLYWOOD

Fun Night

It was all done in the name of mental health. Sammy Davis Jr., wearing a Sitting Bull headpiece, chased Frank Sinatra across the nightclub stage waving a tomahawk and shrieking. "You call me paleface one more time, I scalp you." Milton Berle promised that a coming act would be Beverly Aadland singing, *My Momma Done Sold Me*, then paid tribute to Sinatra: "It's very gracious of Frank to take a night out of his sex life to be here." Starlet Juliet Prowse, who takes up much of Sinatra's life these days, writhed through a smoldering dance number. Marge Champion rode an elephant.

The occasion was the annual stomp-and-holler staged by SHARE (Share Happily and Reap Endlessly), a charity for retarded children run by 63 Hollywood wives. The bash was wet, gaudy and bawdy, although there were a few touches straight out of the Ottawa Hills, Ohio, High School Junior prom—such as pink and blue balloons, some personally blown up by the wives, which further confused the weekend-on-Venus décor of Hollywood's Moulin Rouge. Costume dress was optional, but most of the folks came in their work clothes—Gary Cooper in Stetson and Levi's, Barbara Rush in a remake of one of Mae West's old negligees.

The tab was \$100 a couple, but the show would have been cheap at any price. When Benny's daughter Joan played a squeaky violin, Jack grabbed the fiddle, bashed her over the head with it. When Sammy Davis imitated Dean Martin, a roar came from the wings: "How the hell

can I be onstage when I'm still in the toilet?" Most of the humor came from the same direction; "Dino" sang: "Nothing could be finer than to shuck up with a minor," and "I'm dancing with tears in my eyes because the girl in my arms is a boy."

For lagniappe, a Fiat, a chinchilla stole, and a week in Las Vegas were auctioned off. Benny bid \$200 for the privilege of hearing himself accompany George Burns. Burns upped the bid to \$500, on the condition that Benny keep silent. He played anyway, and someone threw a dime at him. Sinatra kicked ice cubes at the audience and got into a staring match with John Wayne. The gaiety, which could hardly have been surpassed at a Forty & Eight Fun Night, continued till 11 p.m.

By then most of the balloons had been popped, and some \$125,000 had been collected. The show seemed over, but Frank Sinatra, who walked out with Starlet Prowse, could not resist an encore. In the parking lot, a car jockey drove too close to The Presence. Frank, concerned as ever to prove that he is no pip-squeak, pip-squawked: "Can you fight? You'd better be able to." A scuffle followed, and the attendant was taken to the hospital, but how well Frank can fight is still uncertain: according to the casualty, Frank's bodyguard did most of the work.

Casting for the Cross

A great movie company once decided to film the life of Christ and cast the day's best-loved lover in the leading part. When the movie moguls gathered in the projection room to view the rushes of the Crucifixion scene (as Ben Hecht tells it in his short story *The Missing Idol*), they realized that something extraordinary had happened. The actor was not to be seen on the Cross. By God's direct intervention, the space between the two thieves had remained a complete blank.

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avoided filling that blank. Instead, they have lent only their feet (*The Robe*), the back (*Ben-Hur*) or the briefest glimpse (*Quo Vadis*). Most notable exception: H. B. Warner, who portrayed Christ in Cecil B. DeMille's silent epic, *The King of Kings*, and never lived it down. Even when he went into a bar, someone would say: "What! Christ drinking a cocktail?" Now once again, moviemakers are, in the words of a *Variety* headline, PRESENTING FULL-VIEW JESUS.

¶ Producer-Director George (*The Diary of Anne Frank*) Stevens is scouring the Middle East for authentic local color to include in 20th Century-Fox's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, but has not yet found the actor to play Jesus.

¶ Samuel (*John Paul Jones*) Bronston, shooting another version of *The King of Kings*, in Spain, has made the most progress. Bronston spent two years searching for the right man to play Christ, finally settled on a Hollywood actor, Jeffrey Hunter, 33. Explains Bronston: "We were looking for eyes that show sorrow and kindness." Hunter recalls his being tapped: "I thought the script was great and asked what role they had in mind for me. 'Like maybe Jesus Christ,' they said. I answered, 'Sure.'" Also in the cast: Siobhan McKenna as Mary, Hurd Hatfield as Pilate, Robert Ryan as John the Baptist, Marlon Brando's sister Jocelyn as Martha, Rip Torn as Judas.

TELEVISION

One of the Worst

Two years in the Army did more for Elvis Presley than relieve him of his 25-lb. sideburns. His name mellowed with absence, and some people cast a friendlier eye on the new image: a clean-cut kid in khaki, his pelvis at parade rest. Last week ABC's *Frank Sinatra Timex Show* spent more than a quarter of a million dollars to welcome Elvis home and performed a highly useful service: it reminded the forgetful just how dreadful Elvis really is.

First briefly introduced in full-dress uniform under waving flags, amid the sound of military trumpets and carefully cued hoyden screams, he had to wait for his big moment until later in the show, just after John Cameron Swayze had pulled a heartily ticking Timex watch out of the mouth of a Miami Beach porpoise. Wilder and greasier than the porpoise, Presley came bumping on-screen, wearing boots and a tuxedo, his double-folded forelock bobbing above his head like a Vaseline halo. As he sang *Fame and Fortune* and *Stuck on You*, his feet tapped, his hands clapped, and his hips wrestled with each other. The voice was ordinary whine, on the point of becoming vinegar.

The rest of the show was gaudy, pretentious and dull—one of the worst TV hours in memory. Considering that it was taped almost two months ago in Miami, someone missed a major chance. As it sat on the shelf for seven weeks, some network employee—with guts and a Zippo lighter—could have sacrificed his job for the sake of the industry.



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MUSIC

Legend from Moscow

Can he really be as good as they say? The question last week prompted a capacity crowd to jam Helsinki's Conservatory of Music to hear a famed but little-recorded visiting pianist play for the first time outside Russia. The answer came quickly. Without even waiting for the welcoming applause to die away, Sviatoslav Richter launched into Beethoven's *Sonata in D*, and both audience and critics knew almost at once that they were listening



PIANIST RICHTER

With arrogance and grandeur.

Sovfoto

to one of the world's great pianists at the top of his form.

The main program was devoted to four Beethoven sonatas, to which Richter added works by Schubert, Schumann and Chopin as encores. Swaying, gyrating, twisting his face into gargoyle grimaces, Richter at times lowered his jutting jaw until it almost touched the keys, at other times threw his head back in a kind of trancelike reverie. His bravura passages had a grandeur with no hint of pounding, his pianissimos a feather lightness, and his crescendos or decrescendos were so tightly controlled that they seemed to swell and diminish like the modulations of a well-trained voice.

Richter's Beethoven seemed to have a nervous, compulsive energy lacking in any other pianist. Wrote one critic: "It is strange that a Communist country should produce the most arrogantly individual instrumentalist of the era."

As for Pianist Richter, he insisted that it had not been one of his best nights. At

home, he is less known for his Beethoven than for his Liszt and Schubert. Unlike most Soviet artists, he is also an ardent champion of moderns. He generally insists on playing only one composer at each concert, explains: "Chopin after Beethoven is like watercolors after oil painting." At 46, Richter still gives some 120 concerts a season in Russia, labors at the keyboard for as long as ten hours at a stretch, and has been known to sit down for a three-hour practice session immediately after a concert.

In his Moscow apartment, where he does landscape paintings from memory, Richter listens by the hour to recordings of Rubinstein, Gieseking and Lipatti. During later tours—perhaps London or even the U.S. this fall—he is bound to show again that he belongs in that company.

Hard Sell in Seattle

When he steps from the podium next season after leading the Seattle Symphony in the premiere of a piano concerto by Leon Kirchner, Conductor Milton Katims will stop at the Orpheum movie theater. There, before an audience of symphony patrons, he will engage the soloist of the evening, Pianist Leon Fleisher, in a three-game pingpong match. Katims may lose, for Fleisher has a widely feared forehead slam, but he expects to collect about \$10,000 from spectators for the symphony's sustaining fund.

In the European tradition of Fritz Reiner or Bruno Walter, a pingpong postlude to a concerto would seem outrageous. Katims is a different breed of conductor who, like Lenny Bernstein, combines a showman's flair with an artist's discipline and knows that, despite the enormously increased U.S. appetite for culture, good programs must still be promoted. Says he: "No American conductor can expect simply to wrap himself in an opera cloak and make music."

The Showman. To raise money for his orchestra, Katims appears at fashion shows and candlelight musicales, at "Meet the Maestro" luncheons and "Symphonette" dances. He has been known to turn his baton over in midconcert to civic-minded businessmen and, in one case, to a seven-year-old child. To warm an audience up, he may crack jokes between numbers or invite it to join him in singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Last week hard-selling Conductor Katims staged a concert titled "Composium Nineteen-Sixty," featuring works of five resident Seattle composers. Most of the works were pleasantly melodic exercises, more impressive for technique than for originality. But the concert was both a popular success and a major boost to Seattle's civic pride.

For all his showmanship, Brooklyn-born Milton Katims, 50, is a solidly gifted musician who has given Seattle the best orchestra in its somewhat chaotic music history. A first-rate violinist, Katims played in the NBC Symphony under Toscanini for 11 years, and studied the Toscanini

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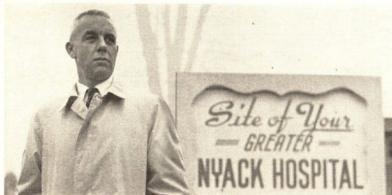
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Harvey Davis

KATIMS AFTER "FAMILY CONCERT"
A postlude in pingpong.

technique. In rehearsal he is still given to shouting Arturo-isms: "Dream with me!" and "Make it barbaric!"

The Dustman. When Katims arrived in Seattle in 1954, the city was still trying to forget its last permanent conductor, France's Manuel Rosenthal, who was forbidden re-entry to the U.S. in 1951 for perjurying himself to the effect that the woman traveling with him was his wife. Nor had the city yet fully recovered from the blasts of Sir Thomas Beecham, who in 1941 had proclaimed Seattle "an esthetic dustbin" (he has similarly complimented many other U.S. cities).

Katims began winning converts by putting on children's and family concerts, encouraging and lecturing to musical study groups, offering "balanced" programs ranging from Rossini's *Semiramide Overture* to Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*. He established a "little symphony" to play rare music—both ancient and modern—extended the symphony's subscription series from 8 to 22 concerts, tripled both the budget and the total season attendance. The Seattle Symphony now includes 85 musicians, nearly a third of them women; the majority have to hold other, daytime jobs (aircraft engineer, longshoreman, school bus driver) to supplement their \$2,000 pay; many teach music. Above all, Katims introduced 75 works never before played in Seattle, e.g., Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Mahler's monumental *Resurrection Symphony*, Walton's *Belsheazzar's Feast*.

The dust from the dustbin, notes one symphony board member, has long since settled into Puget Sound. With such results, what's a little pingpong between friends?

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Trolling on a State Reservoir—Photo by Ted Croner

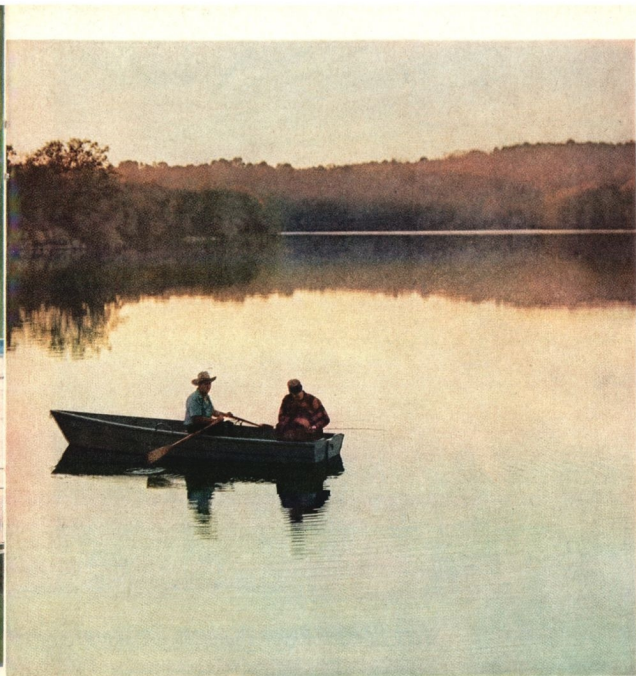
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CINEMA

New Wavelet

Movies, now more than 50 years old, are going through a major change of life. When television tore into the movie market, most of the big Hollywood studios dissolved into a clutter of independent producers and corporate stars. But Hollywood's economic revolution soon developed into a worldwide revolution of another kind. In France and Poland, a band of gifted and dedicated young moviemakers, inspired by the example of Italy's neo-realists and Sweden's Ingmar Bergman, plunged into a daring and promising renovation of the art of film. Working on tiny budgets without benefit of studio facilities or well-known actors, the men of the *Nouvelle Vague* (TIME, Nov. 16) in a single year produced at least three pictures—*Black Orpheus*, *The 400 Blows*, *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*—of rare originality and power. And to the amazement of the moneybags, the European public took a shine to the new ideas. Six of the films released last year on the Continent—and three of the six have already piled up good grosses in U.S. art houses.

Last week, as a roundabout result of these international developments, a lively New Wavelet of cinematic creativity was rolling across the U.S. and gathering momentum by the moment. The beatnik film, *Pull My Daisy*, which runs only 29 minutes but seems considerably longer, is a sort of celluloid-muffled *Howl*. Financed (for \$20,000) by a couple of Manhattan brokers, it features a few well-known beat bards (Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Peter Orlovsky) in a "free improvisation" on a scene from an unproduced play by Jack (On the Road) Kerouac. The beatniks stumble around a pad on Manhattan's Lower East Side, giggle hysterically, wrestle, and mumble "poetry." Even so, *Daisy* is funnier than most sick jokes,



BARBARA BAXLEY IN "SAVAGE EYE"
No time for the heart.

and, considering the subject, it is going over big, particularly in college towns. Other items:

The Savage Eye, a vastly more important piece of cinema that has won several big prizes in Europe, takes a disturbing, 68-minute plunge in the garbage-choked stream of a neurotic consciousness. The script, written in raw, hard-sell poetry ("The slime of loveless love, masturbation by proxy") by Ben (The Asphalt Jungle) Maddow, traces a year in the life and mind of a young divorcee (Barbara Baxley), "living on bourbon, cottage cheese and alimony" in Los Angeles. "Sick of the touch of human skin," she lives alone at first, lolls in beauty shops, dawdles in poker palaces, waits for "a disk jockey to pick her number out of a phone book" and give her "a life supply of dentifrice." Later she lets her human feelings leak away in pointless sexual episodes, finally tries to run away from her dilemma at reckless speed in a secondhand car. She smashes up, but in the shadow of death she finds at last "the courage to say no to nothingness" and yes to life. Produced in Los Angeles for about \$65,000, put up by the people who worked in the film, *The Savage Eye* is photographed with Hogarthian ferocity, edited with skill and biting irony by Director Sidney (The Quiet One) Meyers. Unfortunately the moviemakers spend practically all their time assailing the eye and the mind, almost never take time to touch the heart.

Jazz on a Summer's Day, an 85-minute visit to the Newport Jazz Festival of 1959, is almost as brilliant in technique and a lot more fun for the average moviegoer. Filmed in DeLuxe color, *Jazz* cost \$210,000 to make, was shot by six cameramen in four days and directed by Photographer Bert Stern, who had never made a movie before. In a jam session of images, the picture presents a remarkably broad anthology of red-hot and gully-low, real cool and way out. And with the help of telescopic lenses, the customer gets so close to some of the world's most solid senders—Thelonius Monk, Gerry Mulligan, Dinah Washington, Big Maybelle, Mahalia Jackson, Louis Armstrong—that even a square from anywhere will probably get with it.

Private Property, produced by two bright young men from Broadway—Leslie (Marriage-Go-Round) Stevens, 36, and Stanley Colbert, 32—is cinematically the least interesting of the new offerings, but in some other respects the most important of the four. By a shrewd stroke of commercial imagination, Director Stevens and Producer Colbert have carried the New Wave crashing into the heart of Hollywood. Basically, *Property* is a straight, commercial movie, a slight variation on the sex-and-shock formula that keeps the grind houses full in every major city. The plot: A smooth young switchblade artist (Corey Allen) moves in on a sex-starved housewife (Kate Manx, wife of Director Stevens), gets her all excited, and then



MRS. STEVENS & ALLEN IN "PROPERTY"
No place like home.

turns her over to a drooling but impotent buddy. Hollywood was impressed by Stevens' glossy script, sure directorial skill, revolutionary methods. He shot the picture in ten days at his own home in the Hollywood hills. Furthermore, the cinemagnates were flabbergasted by Stevens' budget: a mere \$60,000 for a picture that will probably gross more than \$1,000,000. Last week 20th Century-Fox executives were happily whipping up a contract for Stevens and Colbert to make at least five pictures on a total investment of \$1,000,000. Said Stevens: "I wouldn't touch a big Hollywood picture with a barge pole. When millions are involved, you have to satisfy the bankers. I want to satisfy myself. I don't need money now. I want freedom, and in the movies you can only have freedom on a low budget."

Art-house managers seem willing to take a plunge in the New Wave, and Hollywood has at last been forced to recognize that the art houses, whose numbers, according to *Variety*, have multiplied from twelve to 550 since the end of World War II, are now a strong factor in the U.S. cinema economy. Says Stevens: "Today a \$100,000 picture cannot possibly do worse than break even."

If nothing else, the men of the New Wave have proved that a good American movie can be made for much less than \$100,000. And with more general and skillful use of new techniques and tools—high-speed films that eliminate the need for batteries of studio lights, portable and powerful light sources that use ordinary house current, portable and inexpensive movie cameras and sound systems—costs will undoubtedly sink lower still. Says one low-budget moviemaker: "This is the best thing that has happened to the movies in 40 years. There will always be a place for the multimillion-dollar, mass-audience movie. But now for the first time in America, there are enough people who take movies seriously to support a school of serious moviemakers. We may be seeing the start of a cinema renaissance."



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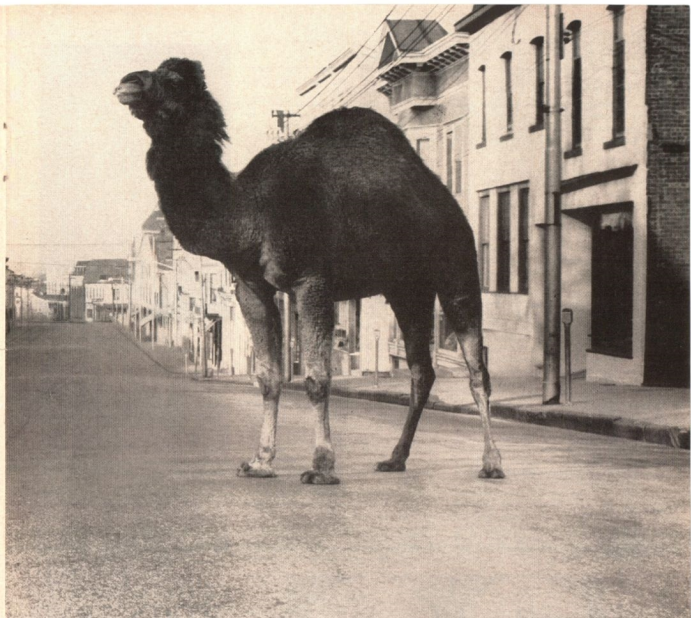
WHAT CAUSED THE SHORTAGE? Local water problems grew like Topsy. The nation's mushroom-

ing, shifting population and the ever-widening variety of water uses caught most communities off-balance.

The harsh fact is that the country is billions of dollars behind in the construction of adequate water facilities just to meet present-day needs!

WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT IT? In many communities—like Yorktown, Va., and South Bend, Ind.—alert public officials have attacked the problem head on. Backed by local businessmen and citizens' committees, they've studied and updated their water systems.

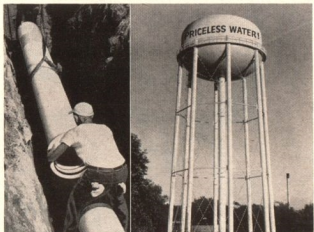
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MEDICINE

"To Sleep... to Dream"

Everybody knows that he needs sleep. up to about eight hours a night, but not until last week did hardheaded medical scientists report that dreaming is even more essential to health than sleeping. Everybody needs an average of about 1½ dreaming hours, usually spread over six or seven dreams during a night's sleep.

These findings were reported to the American Psychiatric Association at a long evening meeting, before a surprisingly wide-awake audience, by Dr. William Dement, 31, a research fellow in psychiatry at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital. While a member of Physiologist Nathaniel Kleitman's research team at the University of Chicago, Dr. Dement had helped to settle an age-old question: Is dreaming continuous during sleep? The answer is no; it is intermittent. The beginning of a dream is signaled by brain-wave changes shown on the electroencephalogram and by rapid eye movements.

The importance of dreams became evident, Dr. Dement now reports, when the researchers reversed their techniques to keep their volunteer subjects from dreaming. Instead of waking them at the end of an E.E.G. dream-pattern period (which averages about 20 minutes), they aroused them at the beginning. Through the night, these dream-deprived subjects got as much sleep as the previous group. But during successive dreamless nights they tried to dream often, up to 30 times on the fifth night. In contrast to the control subjects, who were awakened only after dreaming, this group became irritable and upset during waking hours. Their reactions resembled those of Disk Jockey Peter Tripp during his 200-hour sleep-deprivation marathon (TIME, Feb. 9, 1959): at first easily

upset, he began hallucinating on about the fourth sleepless day.

The only plausible inference, said Dr. Dement, is that sleep deprivation may not be the direct cause of such hallucinations. Dreams and hallucinations are notoriously similar. It is possible that the human organism must have one or the other to release unconscious emotional tensions. Deprived of dreaming, even when it gets "enough sleep," the system may turn to hallucinations as a substitute. Concluded Dr. Dement: "We believe that if anybody were deprived of dreams long enough, it might result in some sort of catastrophic breakdown."

By this reasoning, Shakespeare understated the case with "To sleep: perchance to dream." Mayhap there is no "perchance." And Freud may have been conservative when he called dreams "the guardian of sleep." By Dr. Dement's data, they are the guardian of sanity.

Criminal or Insane?

Are all lawbreakers emotionally ill? If so, should jails and penitentiaries be turned into mental hospitals? These were the principal questions occupying 3,000 psychiatrists in Atlantic City last week at the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association. To no one's surprise, no consensus was reached. Extremists at both ends of the opinion spectrum remained unconvinced by heated arguments; in between were varying groups of gradualists and the unconvinced.

Washington's patriarchally bearded Dr. Benjamin Karpman took one extreme position. His predilection: in 50 years the U.S. will have no prisons—only psychiatric treatment centers for lawbreakers. "I am at odds with the legal profession and most of psychiatry," he conceded, "but they're



Syd Stoen

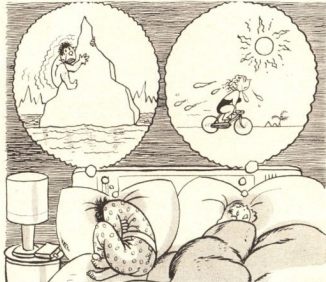
PSYCHIATRIST KARPMAN
Is the prison a thing of the past?

all wrong. The question is simply, 'Is the accused sick or not?' You can't have mental illness and criminal responsibility in the same person at the same time."

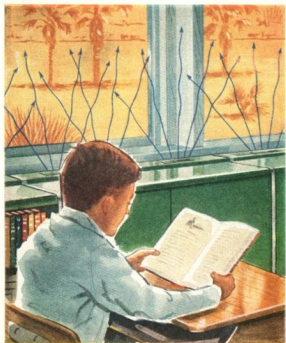
From the Snake Pit. Few psychiatrists lined up behind Dr. Karpman's banner. From the vast snake pit of Manhattan's Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, Drs. Emanuel Messinger and Benjamin Apfelberg reported that, of 57,000 lawbreakers examined over 25 years, a scant 5% had ordinary mental illnesses rated as treatable. Most of the rest were, in some degree, what psychiatrists call psychopaths or sociopaths—individuals whose consciences are either lacking or inert, and who choose to do what they want when they want. These are notoriously the patients with whom psychiatry has the least success. And in many courts, psychopathy is excluded from the catalogue of mental illnesses that can justify an insanity plea.

Leading off for the opposition, Michigan's Dr. Sidney Bolter tried to rip off "the mask of insanity" which, he said, has covered too many criminals. He scoffed at colleagues who "visualize a Utopian chain of hospitals and clinics devoted to the 'treatment' of every individual who breaks the law." Habitual offenders, Dr. Bolter argued, are psychopaths, and nothing can be done with them except keep them in penal institutions; in mental hospitals they are misfits and hamper the treatment of other patients. "Psychiatrists," said Dr. Bolter, "are not looking at the problem realistically. It is about time we offered the courts some practical assistance, and not a lot of starry-eyed theories that allow too many clever patients escape hatches into a mental hospital."

Flux & Finality. To many distinguished listeners, Dr. Bolter was simply an angry man. But all psychiatrists are in a dilemma over criminal law. Most of them cannot work well with the courts. Used to having the last word themselves,



Gene Corr—Safevapor® 1959, The Curtis Publishing Co.
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they meet their match on the bench. And while the law insists on finality, it is itself in a confusing state of flux.

Since 1843 most British and U.S. courts have followed the M'Naghten Rule: an accused is "sane" (a legal rather than a psychiatric term), and therefore responsible for his criminal acts, unless at the time of the crime he did not know what he was doing or did not know that it was wrong. But since 1954 the law and psychiatry have been wrestling with an attempt by the U.S. Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia to liberalize the definition of "sanity" as a measure of criminal responsibility. Under this court's Durham Rule,* an accused is not responsible, and therefore not required to stand trial, if at the time of his crime he was suffering from a "diseased or defective mental condition" and the crime was a "product" of this condition.

Though the Durham Rule was designed to bring the law in line with modern psychiatric thinking, it proved as disturbing to many psychiatrists as to lawyers. Baltimore's famed Forensic Psychiatrist Manfred S. Guttmacher last week offered an explanation. The rule's broad implications, he said, presage a socio-psychiatric revolution as sweeping as that of 1792, when Philippe Pinel struck the chains from the mentally ill in Paris asylums. Many of his colleagues, Dr. Guttmacher intimated, fear a change because of their own deficiencies.

Labels Are Not Enough. The Durham court has held that "unexplained medical labels—schizophrenia, paranoia, psychosis, neurosis, psychopathy—are not enough." The psychiatrist called as an expert witness must explain also the development of the disease and how it affected the accused's behavior. This, Dr. Guttmacher said politely, is "a challenge which, I fear, few psychiatrists are equipped to meet."

Encouraging progress was reported from California, where San Francisco's Dr. Bernard Diamond has helped to change the administration of justice by winning acceptance in the courts of the principle of "diminished responsibility." This is a grey shade between M'Naghten's black and white, leaves judges more latitude. As one of the two psychiatrists on a new ten-man state commission on "problems of insanity relating to criminal offenses," Dr. Diamond said he will propose that diminished responsibility be put into law. Then, after sentencing, a special board, with plenty of psychiatric help, should decide where each convicted offender should be kept and what treatment he should get. All sentences should be indeterminate.

Such a compromise course seemed the only way out for the psychiatrists. Wisconsin's Dr. Seymour L. Halleck complained that extremists like Washington's Karpman who say "there are no criminals, only the insane" are making it "more difficult for the rest of us who want to make practical progress gradually."

* Named (as was the M'Naghten Rule) for the defendant in the case: Monte Durham, a small-time robber and housebreaker.



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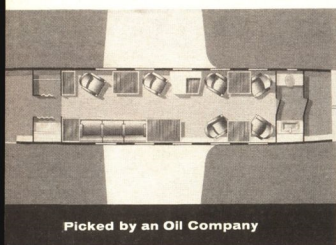


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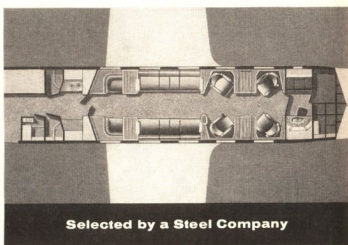
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DE CREEFT'S "STANDING FIGURE"

True to Life

José de Creeft and Hugo Robus are two elderly U.S. sculptors whose styles, backgrounds and techniques are worlds apart; but they get their inspiration from the same source. To both, form is all-important, and the human female has long been their ideal subject. Last week their works were on display at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art in a major exhibition that is bound to please rather than puzzle.

When Spanish-born José de Creeft arrived as a student in Paris in 1905, only Rodin was turning out anything but the academic nudes and busts that dominated the galleries. Though he lived in the same building with Picasso and Juan Gris, De Creeft himself was at first deaf to the noises of rebellion. Like everyone else, he made his bland clay models and sent them off to be cast at a foundry. Then one night he went to his studio and smashed every model in the place. From that moment on, he became a pioneer in reviving the nearly forgotten art of carving wood and chipping stone.

"Close to Earth." "When you work in clay," says De Creeft, who speaks English with a liberal lacing of French and Spanish, "and you tired, the clay is tired. No fresh." Furthermore, "I could not afford to pay casting into bronze." Free from the "translators" (the foundries), he found his challenge directly from the block of wood or stone before him. His figures are often seen still emerging from their blocks; others seem to be rising out of nowhere as if still in creation. But his women's faces all bear the calmness of those who know the secrets of life and birth.

A spry, bright-eyed man of 75, whose working companion these days is a sweet-faced alley cat with a raucous meow, De Creeft took one sensational detour while still in Paris. It happened one day when "I was sick in the bed." The great flamenco dancer Escudero suddenly burst in and demanded that he make something for a party that would take place that night. De Creeft gazed up at the cold stovepipes that crossed his studio ceiling and, though still *muy mal*, put together his famous *Picador*. Almost overnight he was hailed as the founder of a new school of stovepipe art, and his reputation was to follow him across the Atlantic when he arrived in the U.S. in 1929. He made three more such things "which was scraps," and then abandoned the movement to others. "The human form," he says, "I like it. I am *Mediterranean* after all, and we are close to earth."

"Just a Jughead." Cleveland-born Hugo Robus, also 75, the son of an iron molder, managed to get to Paris in 1912. His ambition was to paint, but he found himself "so fascinated by form that I was building paint upon my canvases a quarter of an inch thick. It became expensive, so I decided to find a medium I could afford." Back in the U.S., he supported him-



ROBUS' "THREE CARYATIDS"

self and his wife, who died a year and a half ago, by designing textiles and making silverware and jewelry. His studio was soon filled with his lithe and delicate figures, but the public was not to get to know them for years.

Down, a floozy-looking blonde yawning furiously at the new day, was the first piece of sculpture he ever exhibited, but 25 years passed before he could afford to have it cast in bronze. Yet Robus never lost his humor. He himself would refer to his graceful sculpture of a girl washing her hair as *Soap in Her Eyes*. He did *Three Caryatids Without a Portico*, a *Water Carrier* with a pitcher for a head ("Just a jughead, I guess"), and "a vase that takes its head off." Hugo Robus' figures have a fluid charm that makes them bend to unheard melodies and swirl to soundless rhythms. But only in the last five years have these figures brought him enough to live on, and the Whitney show is the biggest one he has ever had. "My wife," he muses, "would have loved this show."

Return of the Natives

In their dark days of austerity, Britons were apt to find few experiences more painful than a successful art auction. At sale after sale, they saw their treasures knocked down to the prosperous bidders, who came mostly from the U.S. "It was," says London Dealer Geoffrey Agnew, "a slaughter." But the slaughter is now over: Britons have not only been bidding princely sums to keep their Old Masters at home, they have even been bringing some that have been absent for decades back across the Atlantic.

Only last March, Gainsborough's *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews* was bought at Sotheby's for \$364,000—the highest auction price paid for an English painting since the 1920s. Geoffrey Agnew has been

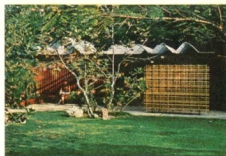
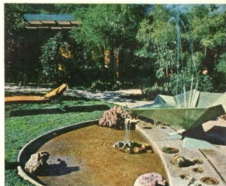
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where your little plot of garden will become an airy haven screened, fenced, sheltered and shaded by weatherproof aluminum... aluminum expanded into grids and woven into grilles... rolled into panels and formed into fountains... aluminum as colorful as the blossoms that bloom around and over and under it. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh.



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paying between \$30,000 and \$56,000 for Turners and Constables, and is happy that he has done so ("Most reasonable," he says, in view of his subsequent profits). Leggett Brothers of St. James have bought at least 70 British masters from the U.S., and Dealer John Partridge insists that the English "can stand up to anyone in competition for furniture and art objects. They are in the market for everything except French impressionists." In the twelve months ending December 1959, British imports of art works topped their exports by \$12 million.

Up & Down. One American who has had reason to take special note of the trend is Director Daniel Catton Rich of the lively Worcester Art Museum. Several months ago, when he began rounding up American-owned paintings for his current exhibition of Regency Painter Sir Thomas Lawrence, he found that "several of the best paintings had simply gone home." There was a time when Lord Duveen was reported willing to pay the Earl of Durham \$1,000,000 for Lawrence's famous *Red Boy*, but a few years later, no one seemed to want Lawrence at all. Now, along with his great contemporaries, he is in demand once again—both in the U.S. and at home.

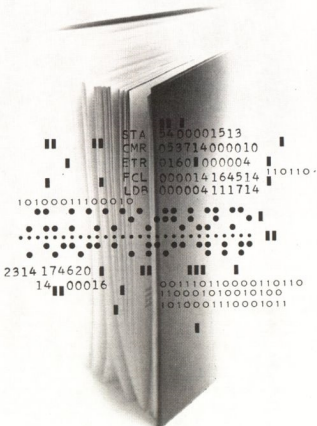
To the gay travelers of the 1770s who stopped off at the Black Bear Inn on their way from London to Bath, the future Sir Thomas was already a celebrity at the age of ten. Sooner or later, his father, the innkeeper, would bring forth the boy and ask: "Would you like him to recite from the poets or take your portrait?" In 1770 Sir Joshua Reynolds reportedly called the boy "the most promising genius I have ever met." By the time he was 17, he was on his way to becoming one of the most sought-after portrait painters of all time.

Down & Out. He was perfect for his period—a handsome, somewhat dandyish man who was given to fits of black melancholy, complained of "constitutional languor," suffered from compulsive extravagance. The Duchess of Devonshire was his patron, David Garrick encouraged him, King George III appointed him to the lucrative post of Painter in Ordinary. Day after day, a procession of noble sitters would parade through his studio, and some were willing to wait as long as 20 years for their portraits to be finished. Sir Thomas worked feverishly until the day he died, at 60, but he never saved a penny in his life. "I have paid him £24,000," complained the King, "and have not got my pictures. All the world is willing to employ him at £1,000 a picture, yet he never has a farthing!"

The 20 ladies and gentlemen who graced the walls of the Worcester Museum last week gave their own explanation of why Lawrence's reputation could soar and then plummet, but could never be forgotten. He was stazy, often garish, and outrageously flattering to his subjects; but he was also an ideal mirror for an age whose ideal was elegance and whose idol was Beau Brummell. In a sense, Lawrence was more honest with his time by painting it in all its blatant vanity—not as it was, but as it wanted to be.

How do you make correct decisions in controlling our defense forces, in directing air traffic, in managing a network of distant factories? Modern society increasingly relies on vast information processing systems, composed of men and machines, to help make these decisions. ¶ To study man-machine systems, we are building a new kind of general purpose simulation facility: Systems Simulation Research Laboratory. Its central element will be a very large digital computer. The laboratory will be used to: search for principles for allocating tasks to men and machines; devise improved languages for man-machine communication; develop methods of modeling and simulating large, intricate organizations. ¶ Our objective is to develop a body of basic knowledge about principles that affect the design of these systems. **SYSTEM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.** A non-profit scientific organization developing large-scale computer-based command and control systems. Staff openings at Lodi, New Jersey and Santa Monica, California.

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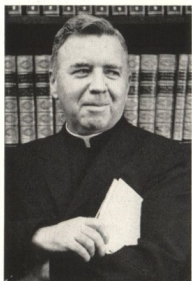
RELIGION

Downward to the Infinite

What do Sartre, Graham Greene and Laurence Olivier have in common? They are all involved in a modern trend toward an ancient heresy, Manichaeism.

Named for the 3rd century Babylonian Gnostic Mani, who taught that the Creator is an evil being opposed to the good God, Manichaeans viewed the world as bad and salvation as escape from it. Modern Manichaeans are those whose hunger for the spiritual leads them to disdain the material; they try to make the leap of faith without having their feet planted firmly on the ground.

This is the thesis of Jesuit William Lynch, literary critic and assistant professor of English at Georgetown University, and one of the most incisive Catholics



Walter Bennett

THEOLOGIAN LYNCH

Leaps of faith can be dangerous . . .

intellectuals in the U.S., as he expounds it in a new book, *Christ and Apollo* (Sheed & Ward; \$5). Manichaeans are everywhere, says Lynch, particularly in the arts. His case against them: instead of looking directly upward for insight into the infinite, the true way up is the way down—into the finite facts of life. The literary imagination, striving to ascend to freedom, must descend into things, and the model for it is Christ, who "moved down into all the realities of man to get to his Father."

Lynch contrasts Christ and Apollo. Apollo symbolizes the dream, "a kind of autonomous and facile intellectualism that thinks form can be given to the world by the top of the head alone, without contact with the world, without contact with the rest of the self."

Christ, on the other hand, stands "for the completely definite, for the Man who, in taking on our human nature, took on

every inch of it (save sin) in all its density, and who so obviously did not march too quickly or too glibly to beauty, the infinite, the dream." Lynch adds: "I keep before my mind the remark of W. H. Auden that no one cares much who were the cousins and the sisters and the aunts of Apollo whereas we are completely interested in every detail of the life and being of Christ."

The New Third Act. The rebirth of Manichaeism can be seen in the theater. Modern tragedy attaches "a very dubious quality of worthlessness, threat, evil, absurdity, to the whole world of situation and existence . . . How often in our generation have we seen the tragic protagonist who is cursed by the necessity of walking, victim and innocent, through an insane world. We need only recall such plays as Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*, Paul Green's *Johnny Johnston*, or Anderson's *Key Largo* and *Winterset*, while Sartre gave a definitive formulation, in theory and on the stage, to the principle of the absurd."

Modern tragedy is guilty of another heresy as well—the Pelagian idea* of salvation as strictly a do-it-yourself project. This is evident in the modern tragic hero's tendency to rise above his fate, bloody but unbowed, whereas the traditional tragic hero was reduced at the close to "the very last point of human finitude and helplessness." Today's "attempts at tragedy have abandoned this finite image for a new Pelagian tactic, for a new type of third act, the third act of the power and the exclamation point."

Society & Ritual. Similarly, too many people turn in disgust from the finite facts of society and seek to escape toward the absolute. That is wrong, says Lynch: "But the Catholic imagination does not force me to imagine that at the end I must free myself from all human society to unite myself with God. Rather, it helps me to imagine that once I have embarked on a good thing with all its concreteness (here it is society), I can and must carry it with me all the way into the heart of the unimaginable." By contrast, "the Protestant imagination sometimes seems to conceive society to be a necessary evil, to be endured on all the lower levels of being, good to the next to the last drop, but to be abandoned with indecent haste before true insight or the face of the living God."

One way to the sanctification of society is through ritual. "By every instinct in them, men desperately need to think and move together, ritually. One of the sources of modern anxiety is surely that people get into too many situations where they do not know what people will think or

* Named for the 4th to 5th century British monk Pelagius, who held that man could achieve salvation by good works. Pelagianism was branded heretical by five church councils, which upheld the orthodox Christian position that, while good works are important, faith—and hence salvation—depends upon the grace of God.



HERETIC MANI

. . . without one's feet on the ground.

do next." Ritual is not to be confused with mere ceremonial. "The rhetoric of great human speech is a ritual," says Lynch, "but I have heard it too often torn to the tatters of 'meaningful fact' by fine actors who were intent on showing that they could enter into each line and syllable and movement of the body, thus giving personality and modernity to every fact. The lines were no longer allowed to float out in the air as ritual victories. Judith Anderson has done this sad thing to *Medea* and Laurence Olivier has done it to both *Oedipus* and *Richard III*."

Leap Out of Time. Fear of conformity sometimes results in a false personality cult. "The artist becomes the isolated, romantic hero, instead of taking up the



PELAGIUS

*Ascent Pelagius with what false pretence
Durst thou excuse Man's frail Conscience
Or say down Sin Original, or that
The Love of God did Man predestinate.*

HERETIC PELAGIUS

. . . with do-it-yourself salvation.

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WEATHER-METER—This machine supplies weather in concentrated doses. It checks plastic samples for color fastness, resistance to extreme climate and moisture conditions.



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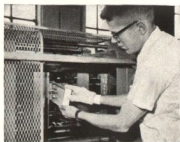
NEW LABORATORY TO EXPAND CELANESE TECHNICAL SERVICE TO CUSTOMERS

CLARK TOWNSHIP, NEW JERSEY: A new Celanese Plastics Development Laboratory, with two acres under roof, will open here this summer. It will centralize the Company's several facilities for evaluation of plastics in new applications and markets, and provide expanded technical service to customers.

The new laboratory, one of the most complete in the industry, will employ actual production equipment of the kind used by customers, for the practical testing and evaluation of plastic formulations. Some 120 specialists will

be engaged in analytical and physical testing of plastics, new process development and production activities. They will use the latest research apparatus.

The Clark Township Laboratory is an important part of the Company's continuing multi-million dollar research program. Celanese basic and applied research in chemicals, plastics and synthetics, provides industry with knowledgeable assistance in many areas of production and application. For details, write to: Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16.



INJECTION MOLDING—Machines such as this are used to evaluate plastic under production conditions.

Where does the money come from?

Maybe it's none of our business.

A man comes into our office and wants to talk to somebody about investing.

He says he's been reading our advertisements for some time . . . thinks that we're right about the long-range growth of American business . . . and wants to get a fair return on the money he has saved.

As a matter of fact, he's been studying the financial pages of the paper and has pretty well decided on the stock he wants to buy.

Well, that's our business—executing orders to buy stocks—so we're willing to, of course.

But as a general rule, we'll try to find out a little more about our new customer first, a little more about where the money comes from.

Not how he got it—but whether he can afford to invest it.

For instance: About how much is he able to save each month?

For instance: How much of a cushion will this purchase leave him?

For instance: Is the stock he wants to buy really suited to his particular situation?

Now, maybe you think those questions are none of our business—but we think they are!

Because there's always some risk in any investment—even the highest-grade bonds—and we simply feel that it's our responsibility to point that risk out for the benefit of those who may not be able to afford it.

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task of building . . . higher and deeper rituals wherein alone personality will be achieved and our cheaper conformities or etiquettes restore themselves to sense."

Even in as Roman Catholic a writer as Graham Greene, Critic Lynch finds "a subtle if unconscious demonstration of the Manichean way"—especially in the novel, *The End of the Affair*, in which the heroine renounces her lover and dedicates herself to God. Lynch notes that there is no relation between her divine and her human love. "The divine love is in no way achieved in the same act as the human; the latter does not lead to the divine; the divine, once achieved, does not fortify the human . . . This is a solution, indeed, this divine love, but it is not a solution which passes through the eye of a Beatrice, or the life of time. It leaps out of time. It is not a human way. One has the feeling that Greene has written a Catholic novel that is more Catholic than Catholicism."

Theologian Lynch, in short, is an existentialist. But existence does not lead him like Sartre to nausea, but, like David, to dance before the ark.

Cash for the Bible

The most popular verse of the Bible in Wellesley, Mass. is *John 11:35*. The reason became obvious this week when 266 boys and girls lined up to collect their cash prizes for memorizing Bible verses. *John 11:35* is only two words—"Jesus wept"—and as good for a dollar as *Esther 8:9*, the longest.*

Wellesley's windfall came from the first of a series of contests set up by the late Grace Knight Babson, wife of Statistician Roger Babson. When she died two years ago, her will set aside \$100,000 for 100 years, the fund's income earmarked as reward money for Wellesley children under 16, who "shall have an opportunity to exhibit their memory retention of scriptural verses either from the Old or New Testament." The rules: candidates must attend some religious school, must memorize 20 verses to qualify, after which each verse memorized earns \$1—up to \$100. Among this week's winners are 154 Roman Catholics, 109 Protestants and one Jew.

Some of Wellesley's ministers doubt the value of such financially motivated learning, but Congregationalist Babson, 84, dismisses their scruples. "Everything else is on salary or commission basis, including the preachers' salaries," he says. "Let's see what's going to happen."

One of the things that may happen is forecast in the Douay translation of *Ecclesiastes 5:10*—"Where there are great riches, there are also many to eat them." Under the Babson trust, an annual income of about \$7,000 is to take care of the prizes. This year the prizes amount to \$17,042 instead of the \$7,000 allotted for them. To keep the fund from shrinking too fast, Roger Babson promised to put up more money.

* *Esther 8:9*, containing 90 words, details the size and variety of the Persian empire.

MILESTONES

Married. Russ Tamblyn, 25, film actor recently in *Tom Thumb*; and Elizabeth Kempton, 24, British show girl; he for the second time ("I think everyone should get married young and get divorced young"), she for the first; in Las Vegas.

Married. Don Blasingame, 28, speedy, pesky-hitting San Francisco Giants second baseman; and Sara Ann Cooper, 21, daughter of Walker Cooper, longtime National League catcher, now a coach for the Kansas City Athletics; in Reno.

Married. Anna Maria Moneta Caglio, 30, socialite dubbed the "black swan" by the Italian press while she was performing as a controversial, contradictory witness in the Wilma Montesi homicide case, which shook Italian governmental circles from 1954 to 1957; and Mario Ricci, 34, builder, student, playboy; in Florence.

Died. Aly Khan, 48, sportsman-playboy, son and father of Aga Khans; after automobile accident; in St. Cloud, France (see FOREIGN NEWS).

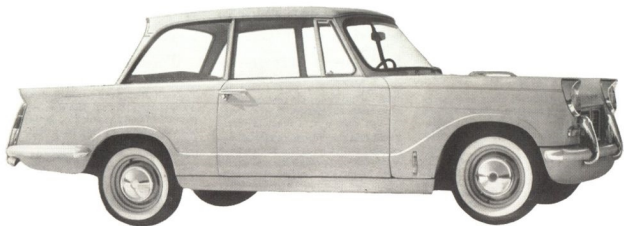
Died. Maurice Schwartz, 69, founder, director and leading actor of New York's Yiddish Art Theater, which from 1919 to 1950 produced about 150 plays—from Shakespeare to Sholom Aleichem—and such alumni as Paul Muni and Stella Adler; of a heart attack; in Petah Tikva, Israel.

Died. Lucrezia Bori, 72, Spanish-born (as Lucrezia Borja Gonzalez de Riancho) Metropolitan Opera lyric soprano who began her Met career singing with Caruso, gave tender feeling to the roles of Mimi and Violetta, was a Met favorite for 24 years before retiring in 1936 while at her peak ("I want to finish while I am still at my best"); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Manhattan.

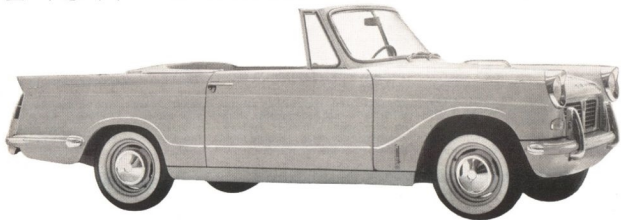
Died. Keyes Winter, 81, boyhood Indianapolis neighbor of Booth Tarkington and model for *Penrod*, who became a Manhattan lawyer and for 19 years a judge of New York City's municipal court; of a heart attack; in Syosset, N.Y.

Died. John Davison Rockefeller Jr., 86, philanthropist son of the two-fisted founder of the Standard Oil empire, father of New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller; of pneumonia and heart strain; in Tucson, Ariz. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Charles Rosenbury Erdman, 93, for 68 years a Presbyterian minister and church leader, who, during a doctrinal fight of the 1920s, served as a mediator between his own fundamentalist wing and the opposing liberal wing of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., in 1925 as moderator of the general assembly staved off a schism in the church; of heart disease; in Princeton, N.J.

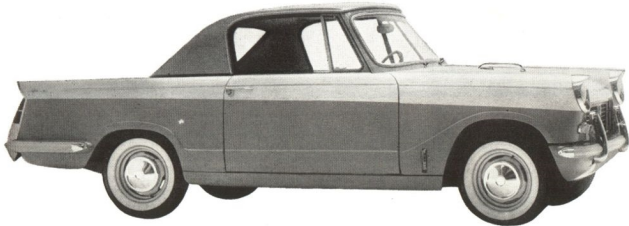


New British TRIUMPH



It's called the TRIUMPH/Herald and it's downright startling—from the Italian-inspired body design to the adjustable steering column. It never needs ordinary greasing. It all but parks sideways. The TRIUMPH/Herald results

from an intensive survey of world-wide driving needs for *today*...and for years to come. It is, conservatively speaking, 3 full engineering years ahead of other economy cars. For the complete story, please turn the page.



Economy-car engineering moves 3 years ahead

The Standard-Triumph people of Coventry, England are said to make the "best engineered" economy cars in the world. Just one look at their brilliant new cars—the TRIUMPH/Herald Sedan, Sports Coupe and Convertible—and you'll easily see why.

A TRIUMPH/Herald rarely needs servicing...never needs an ordinary "grease job." Only 4 parts ever need lubrication—the trunions and water pump once every 6,000 miles...and the steering-box and wheel bearings once every 12,000 miles. (That's about *once a year* if you drive as much as most people.) What's more, you go 3,000 miles without a change of oil—up to 40 miles on a gallon of gas.

The TRIUMPH/Herald all but parks sideways. It needs only 18 inches leeway to slide into any parking space... turns completely around in only 25 feet. That's 14 feet *less* than the typical compact car. As a result, the TRIUMPH/Herald is incredibly nimble. Quite an advantage when you're facing a traffic jam at 5 o'clock.

4-wheel independent suspension plus torsion bar

The TRIUMPH/Herald hugs the road as no economy car ever has before...for 2 reasons. The frame is virtually identical to one used on an \$8,900 limousine. And... The TRIUMPH/Herald is the first British economy car with independent suspen-

sion on all four wheels. Whatever the road surface, it stays *level*. What's more, the TRIUMPH's system is *stabilized* by a torsion bar. It never pitches or rolls as do cars with too "soft" a suspension.

A testing service used by virtually every auto-maker in Europe *did* find one other car that hugs the road as tightly as a TRIUMPH/Herald. It is a racing car that costs over 4 times as much.

You'll find the TRIUMPH/Herald surprisingly powerful. It has no trouble at super-highway speeds. (Remember, it's made by the same engineers who designed the famous TRIUMPH TR-3 sports car.) The Sedan can cruise quietly at 65... goes over 70 without a sign of strain. The Sports Coupe and Convertible go over 80. They're the only economy cars with dual carburetion.

Lower British insurance rates

The TRIUMPH/Herald sets a new standard for safety. It has oversized brakes... extra brake-lining area... a steering-column that telescopes in case of emergency—to insure you against injury. There are 3,000 square inches of glass in the safety-glass windshield and the windows. Forward visibility is absolutely unrestricted.

The TRIUMPH/Herald has all the strength of a small battering ram. There are three layers of "bumper" up front... and the body is solid Sheffield steel. In fact, when the car was first intro-

duced one major British insurance company lowered the rates 12½% below the standard charge.

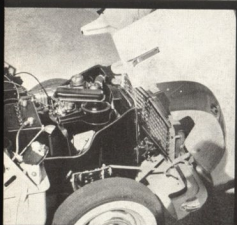
New low in repair costs

Unlike cars built as one mass, the TRIUMPH/Herald can be repaired quickly and cheaply. For the TRIUMPH people, pioneers of unit construction, have gone one step beyond it. They have built the body in a new and better way... from 7 major sections. Now a damaged section can be removed, restored and replaced in no time flat.

You may have heard that imported cars are hard to service. The TRIUMPH/Herald is *not*. Your garage-man can work on the TRIUMPH with standard American tools. What's more all 700 TRIUMPH dealers—in all 50 states—carry a complete inventory of spare parts.

72 different seat positions

You'll find the TRIUMPH/Herald much more fun—and far *easier* to drive than other cars. The seats are foam rubber all the way down to the webbing. They're made *without* the usual stiff springs. The driver's seat not only adjusts backward, forward, up and down. It also adjusts to *angle*. With all this, you get your choice of 72 different seat positions. Even the shock-absorbing steering wheel can be adjusted to the position most comfortable to you.



Easier to service. The TRIUMPH/Herald's one-unit hood and fender assembly tilts forward for easy servicing. What's more, unlike many other imported cars, the TRIUMPH can be serviced with *standard* American tools.



All but impossible to turn over. The TRIUMPH/Herald has road-holding characteristics previously unheard of... with good reason. Its frame is virtually identical to the one used on a limousine that costs \$8,900. What's more—the TRIUMPH has independent suspension on all four wheels—stabilized with torsion bar. It can take sharper corners than a sports car.

More hip, head room—wider doors

The TRIUMPH/Herald is lavish with space. The Sports Coupe and Convertible have only four-fifths of an inch less head room than the largest American car—the Sedan has more. There's more hip room than in most economy cars, and the doors are one yard wide. You can get in and out with ease—even if your arms are full of bundles.

Luggage space? There are 13 cubic feet of clear trunk space—uncluttered by a spare wheel—in all three TRIUMPH/Herald models. And you more than double the carrying capacity in the Sedan by folding down the rear seat. You'll have to look hard to find a car with so many interior refinements. There are three places to carry maps, cigarettes, gloves, etc. . . . a box in the dash, and aluminum-mesh shelf under it, and a tray recessed between the front seats.

"Razor-edged" styling

The TRIUMPH/Herald will still look new in 10 years. Its design, by the famous young Italian, Giovanni Michelotti, is similar to the "razor-edged" limousines that never seem to lose their looks. There are only 10 curved lines on the entire body, none of them major. And purists will be glad to know, the Herald is available in black as well as in 10 other colors and two-color combinations. The TRIUMPH/Herald is finished with

all the care you expect of fine British craftsmen. For instance, *three* layers of sound-proofing are applied between the frame and the exterior. The car simply never rattles.

The painting and rust-proofing take 17 separate operations. Then the car is baked in a gigantic kiln—much like fine pottery—to make sure the glaze holds practically forever.

\$300 saving included in the list price

Surprisingly enough, any TRIUMPH/Herald—Sedan, Sports Coupe or Convertible—costs several hundred dollars less than the average American car. Yet the list price includes the heater, defroster, molded "wall-to-wall" carpeting, foam rubber seats, washable vinyl upholstery, windshield washers, directional signals, twin sun visors, folding rear seat in the Sedan . . . everything but a radio and white wall tires. All these items, a \$300 value, are "extras" in other cars. But they are standard equipment with the TRIUMPH/Herald because they are considered "musts" for safe, comfortable driving.

A world-wide "triumph"

The TRIUMPH/Herald has already been tested under ordinary and extreme conditions in 87 countries, on all six continents. The critical automotive press has been exceptionally enthusiastic in its comments. Some typical quotes: "Initiates a whole new era in auto-

motive history"—*Il Tempo*, Rome . . . "The most exciting car in many years . . . a new experience in motoring"—*The Australian Motor Age* . . . "Captures attention . . . a masterful success"—*Tribune de Geneve* . . . "The car of tomorrow for motorists today"—*Singapore Sunday Times* . . . "Bristles with innovations"—*The London Daily Mail*.

How to get a demonstration

The "first edition" of the new TRIUMPH/Herald sold out before it could get to America. But all three models are at all TRIUMPH dealers now.

You can arrange for a demonstration drive today. Simply phone the dealer who lives nearest you. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. He'll drive a TRIUMPH/Herald Sedan, Sports Coupe or Convertible right to your door for a test . . . with no obligation, of course.

Before you buy any car, by all means investigate the TRIUMPH/Herald. It's 3 full engineering years ahead of all other economy cars . . . and well worth seeing and driving.

NOTE: There are differences between the Sedan and the Sports Coupe and Convertible. The latter go 10 mph faster than the Sedan. Their roof-lines are somewhat racier. The Sedan and Convertible have front and rear seats. The Coupe seats two with rear seat optional.



72 driving seat positions. Even the TRIUMPH/Herald's steering wheel can be adjusted to the position most comfortable for you. Headroom? 1/5th of an inch more than in the largest American car.



No monthly greasing. And only 4 parts *ever* need grease. Most metal surfaces are lined with rubber or nylon. So there's no friction . . . no need for ordinary lubrication.



Practically parks sideways. The TRIUMPH/Herald's front wheels turn farther than any other car's. It can make a U-turn in only 25 feet, park with only 18 inches leeway.

TRIUMPH

HERALD

Sedan only \$1,999*
Sports Coupe only \$2,149*
Convertible only \$2,229*

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Action & Reaction

The stock market, which has been viewing the world through dark glasses, last week finally reacted with spirit to the favorable news in the U.S. economy. It not only bounded ahead for three days in a row, but made its sharpest one-day advance in eleven weeks. What was equally cheering to investors was the fact that volume increased as the market rose. Trading of 3,752,980 shares in one day was the biggest since March 4. The Dow-Jones industrial average closed the week at 616.03, up 8.41 points for the week and well above the recent lows.

The market got a healthy boost from President Eisenhower's press-conference "good news" about the U.S. economy. Ike made one announcement that everyone had long expected: final figures for the gross national product during the first quarter were above earlier estimates. The value of goods and services produced in the U.S. had nudged over the magic half-trillion-dollar mark, was running at the rate of \$502 billion a year.

Biggest Increase. Ike also announced that in the month ending in mid-April, employment rose substantially more than usual for "the biggest April increase by far in the postwar period." The 1,900,000 who found jobs boosted total employment to 66.2 million, and unemployment was down 546,000 to 3,660,000. The big improvement reflected a recovery from the bad weather of March, but unemployment figures remain a real worry to the

Government. They still represent 5% of the working force, are actually higher than the figures for the same period last year (see chart).

There was some hope that unemployment might decline as the economy expands, but Administration economists fear that the percentage of unemployed will remain about the same for some months. The Commerce Department reported that housing starts, which have been dragging, rose in April slightly more than seasonally to reach an annual rate of 1,135,000, though they are still 18% below 1959 so far this year. The Government hopes that an easing in mortgage money will bring a further pickup. Auto production last week was scheduled to reach 150,338 units, the highest since February; sales were still booming along, led by the compact cars. Next month Ford will make the eighth boost in production of its compact Falcon, stepping it up 10%. That will bring the Falcon to an annual rate of nearly 600,000 cars—just about double the company's early estimates of what it would sell.

Sales of compacts are moving up so well that makers are preparing to broaden their compact lines. At least two more compact convertibles, joining Studebaker's Lark convertible, will appear in the 1961 compact lines. American Motors will bring out a 100-in. Rambler convertible with a factory list price of \$2,000 and a body redesigned to give a sporty appearance. Chevrolet is planning a two-door Corvair convertible built largely on the same body shell as the present Corvair. Factory suggested list price: \$2,100.

No Slowdown. Looking at these signs of strength, top industry and Government economists attending the semiannual meeting of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council forecast that strong consumer demand will carry the U.S. economy through 1960 and the first months of 1961 without any slowdown. But the economists do not expect any great upsurge. They believe that the gross national product will average out at about \$507 billion for the year (less than the \$510 billion forecast by the Government). They expect little advance in industrial production, think that both prices and company profits will stay just about where they are.

AVIATION

The Fatal Flaw

In the Burbank, Calif. headquarters of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. last week, 50 commercial aviation leaders gathered to hear the answer to one of U.S. aviation's most fascinating and terrible riddles: What caused two Lockheed Electras to come apart in the sky over Texas and Indiana, killing 97 persons? To representatives of the Air Line Pilots Association and of 13 airlines (six of them foreign) now flying 136 Electras, Lockheed gave the answer:



Alfred Eisenstaedt
LOCKHEED'S GROSS

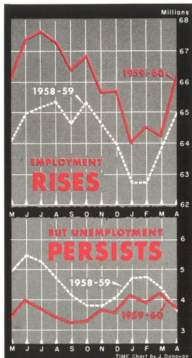
A costly answer to a terrible riddle.

the doomed Electras' wings were torn off by a violent wing fluttering caused by a weakness in their engine nacelles.

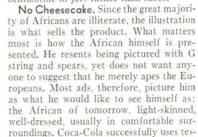
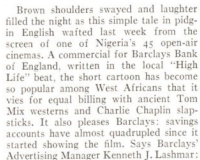
Enormous Forces. The Electra's troubles, said J. F. McBrearty, who directed a \$2,500,000 Lockheed inquiry that kept 250 engineers and technicians busy for two months, "have been one of the most profound engineering problems that have confronted our company in three decades of airplane building." As McBrearty explained it, the two Electras were brought down by a combination of factors, none of which would have been enough to wreck the planes by itself. The basic flaw was that the support structure of the wing nacelles, holding the plane's turbo-prop engines, was not built sturdily enough. When damaged or weakened by such a common occurrence as a rough landing, the struts beneath the four engines no longer held the engine nacelle tightly enough in place. Said McBrearty: "All of our tests and calculations substantiate the conviction that some element of damage existed in the power-package-nacelle area of both Electras prior to their accidents."

Even then, the Electras might have flown in relative safety except for violent air turbulence encountered at the Electra's speed (more than 400 m.p.h.). When the planes hit rough air, the impact apparently set their weakened nacelles to shimmying, and the engines swayed so that the propellers no longer revolved at right angles to the wings. As the propellers wobbled, they set in motion a gyroscopic twisting force that wrenched off a wing, probably at a spot close to the fuselage. All of this could take place in but 30 to 40 seconds.

Over the California mountains, Lockheed test pilots had purposely flown test



Electra troubles have already been a heavy blow to Lockheed. When the planes were first delivered, airlines complained about vibration, and Lockheed spent some \$7,000,000 changing the slant of the planes' engines to correct it. Since the new troubles, Lockheed's stock has been sliding steadily, last week closed at 20 1/2. Its 1960 high of 3 3/4. Worry among stockholders has grown so great that last month Bob Gross took pains to point out that Electra sales in 1960 will account for only about 15% of total sales of more than \$1 billion. To make up the Electra losses, he is counting on the steady growth of the company's electronics organization, as well as on such standbys as the Agena satellite and Polaris missile, which account for close to half the company's dollar volume.





WALTER DENNETT

Trustbuster in a Bowler

ROBERT ALAN BICKS

TO many businessmen, the most upsetting member of the Eisenhower Administration is a 32-year-old trustbuster who acts more like a New Dealer than might be expected of a Republican. He is Robert Alan Bicks, nominated last week as the youngest Assistant Attorney General ever to head the Justice Department's Antitrust Division. As acting boss last year, Bob Bicks filed 63 criminal and civil antitrust cases against U.S. business, largest number of antitrust suits since the heady days of the New Deal. This year Bicks expects to do even better: he has already filed 46 cases, is well on his way to 90 or more actions. Among the giants on Bicks's court docket: General Motors, for acquiring Euclid Road Machinery Co.; General Electric, Westinghouse and ten other companies, on charges of conspiring to fix prices in the electrical industry.

Despite his record, Bicks is no fiery crusader against the wickedness of "big business." He is a rock-solid young conservative—and looks the part. He speaks in precise, legal-brief language, favors vests and affects a rusty black derby hat that was handed down to him from his father. Bicks proclaims his faith in the old-fashioned idea of a free, competitive market that Anti-trust helps protect.

WHILE Bicks goes after price fixing and active restraints of trade, his main emphasis is on what he calls "preventive medicine"—challenging mergers and tie-ins that could diminish competition. Bigness alone does not worry him. "Absolute size," says Bicks, "is absolutely irrelevant. What is important is the power to control price and exclude competitors." Bicks defeated the proposed merger between Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Sheet & Tube not because the two together would have controlled the market but because he felt such action would lead to a rash of mergers that would weaken competition in what is already a highly concentrated industry. Outlook for 1960: as many as 30 anti-merger suits, triple the number in 1959.

In his eagerness, Bicks sometimes moves before he has a case. He had such a flimsy case against 29 oil companies for supposed price fixing after the Suez crisis that the judge tossed out the case before the companies even put in a formal defense (TIME, Feb. 22). Yet his overall batting average is impressive.

The record this year: seven won, 35 disposed of to the department's satisfaction, only four losses.

Bicks was practically born into the law. Both his mother and father (New York District Court Judge Alexander Bicks) are lawyers. Graduating *summa cum laude* from Yale in 1949, he went to Yale Law School, became Comments editor on the *Yale Law Journal*. His work attracted another Yaleman and onetime Comments editor: Herbert Brownell, then Attorney General, who needed a bright young man to help him with a newly appointed committee on antitrust laws. Bicks took the job in 1953 and discovered that antitrust work was precisely what he wanted. "One of the few absolute personal values I have is diversity of experience," says Bicks, "and antitrust work is damned diverse."

BICKS was soon a top assistant to Stanley Barnes, who headed the Antitrust Division. When Barnes left, Bicks became first assistant to a new head, Victor Hansen. Straw-bossing the department's 470-odd lawyers, clerks and economists while preparing and arguing the big cases himself, Bicks was the obvious choice for department chief when Hansen quit last year, and is not likely to have much trouble getting congressional approval. One fact that impresses Congress: his reputation for aggressive honesty. Says Bicks: "There is a certain luxury in not being talkable-to about a case. I make it clear to anyone who does so that I will be perfectly willing to testify under oath as to the exact nature of our conversation in precise detail."

In court, Bicks presents a picture of massive calm (though his shirt may be soaking with perspiration), is so efficient in running his staff that he almost always manages to get home for dinner with his wife and two small boys, has time on weekends to sail a chartered 41-ft. yawl on Chesapeake Bay.

Bicks hopes to change the antitrust laws as well as enforce them. He would like to provide tax relief for stockholders who, in such antitrust cases as the G.M.-Du Pont divorce, are forced by the courts to sell their shares. He also wants legislation to force corporations to hand over their records in civil as well as criminal cases. At present, antitrust lawyers must grope half-blind before trial, guessing what documents contain, or else stretch the law to make criminal charges. Such legislation, he argues, would enable the trustbusters to make a more rational decision on whether to take a case to court.

timonials from U.S. Negro athletes, Lux from U.S. Negro actresses. One ad firm sold cigarettes in villages with the slogan: "Men about town smoke Commandos."

Another company raised sales of its safety razor blade with an illustration that would make any Westerner turn to the electric razor: a scene showing the razor cutting a lion in half, with blood dripping all over the poster. The bestselling bicycle is made by a company that distributes posters showing an African waving gaily as he outpaces a pursuing lion. On the other hand, the African is prudish, does not like come-hither cheesecake. Companies have found that the surest appeal is to stress power, virility and the image of wealth. The most touchy taboo is politics. Barclays changed the color of its giveaway pencils from blue to cream after it discovered that blue was the color of one local political party.

Sometimes companies are surprised at their success, only to discover that Africans have found an unsuspected use for their product. Parker, which dominates the West African ink market, recently noted that its sales had rocketed and retailers were asking for gallon bottles. Parker finally discovered that its popularity was due to a thirst for education: pregnant mothers were drinking ink in the hope that their children would be born knowing how to write. Other companies have found shoe polish used as face cream, soap as fish bait, hair cream as sandwich spread.

Low Rates. For the company that wants to make the effort to tap Africa's market, the cost of advertising in many areas is low. The highest page rate in West Africa is charged by Lagos' *Sunday Times* (circ. 125,000), which asks \$520—and most page rates are much lower. One of the African's favorite pastimes is listening to the radio; a company can sponsor a half-hour show on the Western Nigerian radio for \$28, a half-hour show on the Liberian radio for \$13.44. Open-air cinemas are also an important advertising medium, where for \$11.20 a company can sandwich a three-minute commercial film between movies. But roadside signs are apt to be costly and useless. Many Africans have found that they make good roofing material.

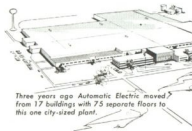
GOVERNMENT

The Art of Influence

Influence peddling in Washington is an art both subtle and circuitous. So the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight learned last week as it dug for details of private talks between members of the Federal Power Commission and Thomas G. ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, one-time New Dealer-Wheeler turned wheeler for the Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. (TIME, April 4). What started with curiosity about Corcoran turned into a full-scale investigation of off-the-record contacts between FPC commissioners and utility company representatives. The results made for headlines but were instructive nonetheless.

Corcoran had both phoned and visited FPC Chairman Jerome K. Kuykendall to

35-ACRE "TELEPHONE CITY" BEGAN WITH A COLLAR BOX AND A PAPER OF PINS



Three years ago Automatic Electric moved from 17 buildings with 75 separate floors to this one city-sized plant.

Wausau Story

at **AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC**—Northlake, Illinois
subsidiary of General Telephone & Electronics Corporation

by **R. B. WILTSE**
Automatic Electric's
Insurance Buyer



"It was almost 70 years ago that Almon B. Strowger used a collar box and a paper of pins to demonstrate that telephone connections could be made without the help of an operator.

"Using Mr. Strowger's switch as the basis, Automatic Electric originated the dial telephone in 1892. That is only one of many contributions to modern telephony the company has pioneered. Today our 35-acre plant at Northlake is devoted to the development and manufacture of telephone instruments, equipment for telephone exchanges and other products for communications, and in auto-

mation and electrical controls. And to do this work, the services and skills of almost 8000 people are required.

"This is a city in itself, planned not only for efficiency . . . but also so our people could work with comfort and safety. But safety is a continuous job. It requires the full time of our own safety directors as well as the cooperation of men representing the company that carries our workmen's compensation insurance. That's Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"From the time we moved into this new plant, Employers Mutuals men have been part of our team. They've proved the efficiency—yes, and the economy—of having a good insurance carrier. We know that we get full value for our insurance dollar from Employers Mutuals. They're 'good people to do business with'."



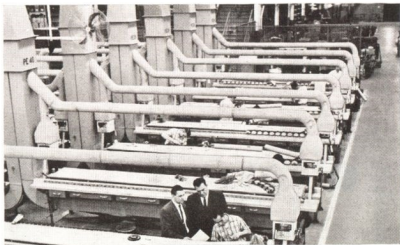
The modern dial telephone is a development of Automatic Electric. The company is the major source of supply for the Independent telephone industry.



Employers Mutuals' punch press specialist, Frank Hausman (center) and Eugene Dymek, Automatic Electric's Safety Director, check the operations at a press where dial faces are punched out. All equipment of this kind is carefully guarded, well lighted, and the operators are trained to keep accidents from happening.

* * *

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest and oldest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.




At benches specially designed for adequate ventilation, men wire dial telephone equipment banks. Employers Mutuals' ventilation experts went over the entire plant, made certain vapors are properly drawn off. With Eugene Dymek—John Motto (center), Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

This tiny disk  represents one of the greatest scientific "break-throughs" in history. It could change every electronic thing we use, from television sets to satellites. It could mean the insides of your television set would not only shrink to the size of a pill but would need no repairs for years. It could mean satellites whose whole electronic systems would fit into a golf ball and be reliable beyond



FPC's KLINE
After the call, a changed line.

discuss a case involving a \$52 million pipeline for Midwestern Gas Transmission Co., a subsidiary of Tennessee Gas. Commission examiners had recommended that the company's returns on investment be set at 6½% instead of the 7% asked by the company. Kuykendall admitted that Corcoran's phone call was improper, but insisted that it "was all over before I could respond." During Corcoran's office visit, testified Kuykendall, he told the chairman that Tennessee was thinking of selling part of its stock interest in Midwestern Gas. This information, said Michigan Republican John B. Bennett, "was deliberately planned to present new information to you privately in an attempt to influence your decision."

Bennett explained that if Tennessee dropped out of Midwestern, the smaller company would have trouble financing the pipeline and would require a higher rate of return than the 7% asked for by Tennessee. Concluded Congressman Bennett: "The most charitable thing that could be said about your conversation with Mr. Corcoran, both on your part and his was that it was not only unfortunate but foolhardy and indiscreet."

250 Private Talks. Kuykendall said that he had frequent contacts with power-industry executives, and only "very seldom" did some try to overstep the bounds of propriety. He had also accepted industry-sponsored plane rides for "inspection tours" but thought this was "proper." On one trip to Atlantic City in 1954, Kuykendall recalled that he "saved the Government money" by accepting a ride in a "little plane that had only one engine." However, he agreed that the Government could afford to pay for such inspections and that he would no longer accept free rides.

When the committee checked the appointment book of FPC Vice Chairman Arthur Kline, it found that Kline had

eight visits from Corcoran and more than 250 other private talks and meetings with 21 representatives of natural-gas companies in less than two years. Kline insisted that the talks were "not only proper but necessary to a rapid and efficient performance of commission work." Some of the industry representatives, he said, were friends whom he golfed with and met at Cub Scout encampments.

In the Midwestern Transmission case, Corcoran called on Kline as well as Kuykendall. Kline originally favored the examiner's recommendation of a 6½% return for the company, but several days after Tommy the Cork's call, Kline agreed to go along with the rest of the commission in postponing a decision on the rate of return. Testified Kline: "Corcoran's visit had no influence whatsoever on my decision."

Rebate Reduction. The committee also dug into the FPC's policy on setting temporary rates. An FPC examiner found that a temporary rate increase by the Colorado Interstate Gas Co. was later reduced. The company owed its customers a refund of \$50 million, but paid only \$38.6 million in a settlement negotiated by the FPC. Kuykendall admitted that W. E. Mueller, president of Colorado Interstate Gas Co., had visited him, and said that a large refund would be financially disastrous to the company. But, said Kuykendall, "if Mr. Mueller had tried to argue the merits of the case, I'd have shut him up." Kuykendall said that Kline had gone to Colorado and worked on the reduced refund. Explained Kuykendall: "We encouraged it. We have a tremendous backlog of cases." Asked Committee Counsel Robert W. Lishman: "Is it in the consumer's interest for the FPC to go for a lower settlement?" Replied Kuykendall: "You're oversimplifying. It's not in the public interest for such a company to go bankrupt."

The committee is also concerned, said Lishman, that the FPC has another \$506 million worth of temporary gas and electric rate increases pending, and in some cases temporary increases have been piled on other temporary increases. They are one way for gas companies to finance expansion at the consumer's expense, argued Lishman. If the increases are later turned down and rebates are necessary, the money is paid back to customers at interest rates about the same as regular financing rates.

AVIATION

The 880 Takes Off

At New York's Idlewild Airport last week, a trim, white-painted jetliner, smaller than the familiar Boeing 707s and Douglas DC-8s, roared off the runway and headed south on Delta Air Lines Flight 873 to New Orleans. In 2 hr. 19 min., the jet touched down at New Orleans' Moisant International Airport, loaded another batch of passengers, and whistled back to New York in 2 hr. 10 min. Both flights, at speeds up to 593 m.p.h., set new commercial records for the 1,184-mile run and sent the nation's

anything anyone knows today. The systems represented in these disks come close to duplicating the magnificent performance of the human brain. A few disks could replace a whole assembly of vacuum tubes and transistors 1,000 times as big and 300 times as heavy. This new concept is called "Molecular Electronics" and it is a major scientific project at Westinghouse, under an Air Force contract.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S
Westinghouse



Ben Martin

INTERIOR OF CONVAIR'S NEW JETLINER
Its advantages: time and money.

newest jetliner off to a high-flying start. The plane; the Convair 880, designed as the world's fastest transport, with a cruising speed of 615 m.p.h. over medium-range routes.

The new 880 carries only 84 passengers first class, or 110 tourist v. up to 179 for the Boeing and Douglas jets. Its big advantages are speed—some 40 m.p.h. faster than the 707 and the DC-8—and what promises to be impressive economy of operation. Powered by four commercial versions of the General Electric J-79 engine that pushes the Air Force B-58 Hustler bomber to Mach 2 speeds, the 880 has so much power that even with a full passenger load it needs only 5,800 ft. of runway for take-off (v. 8,000 ft. for bigger jets), can serve almost any airport that handles four-engine planes.

If all goes well, the plane should prove a real moneymaker for Delta, which ranks as the nation's sixth-biggest line and one of its sharpest. Founded as a crop-dusting line 35 years ago by C. E. Woolman, 70, who still runs it with an old flyer's seat-of-the-pants instinct, Delta was the first to put the pure-jet DC-8 into service last year. Now, with six of the big jets flying, Delta is all set on its long-range routes, which stretch from New York south to Venezuela and west to Fort Worth. The 880 should fit in perfectly on Delta's medium-range (less than 1,000 miles) routes, give the line quite a jump on the competition. Says President Woolman, who expects to have ten of the planes operating by fall: "The 880 is just what I was looking for. The lack of vibration is fantastic. Vibration has the same effect on businessmen as work does—it tires them out. We want them to get there fresh and rested."

Delta's Woolman has only a few months before other lines start getting their own Convairs. TWA has 30 of the 880s on order, will get its first this sum-

mer. Next year American Airlines will get an advanced design: the Convair 600. At 35,000 ft., American's Convair 600s are planned to cruise at 635 m.p.h., only 135 m.p.h. below the speed of sound.

INSURANCE

Coverage for the Aged

While Congress, in an election year, has been gingerly discussing the costs and credits of federal medical insurance for the nation's aged, an insurance company has been quietly testing whether a private firm could make money in the same field. After month-long trial studies, Chicago's Continental Casualty Co. (1959 assets: \$469,465,000) last week announced a hospital insurance devised for oldsters 65 and above that offers up to \$5,000 coverage without a physical examination or health questions.

Continental, which is seeking the approval of insurance commissions in every state, and Puerto Rico besides, already has received 35 O.K.s. For a \$7 monthly premium, Continental offers to insure oldsters against hospital room and board expenses up to \$25 a day, and against other hospital costs, such as X rays and medicine (but no physicians' or surgeons' bills), up to a total of \$5,000, once the policyholder has paid the first \$500. A policy goes into effect at once except in the case of already diagnosed illnesses. In that event the policyholder must wait six months before claiming benefits. The policy is "guaranteed renewable," and may not be terminated by the company unless it cancels all policies in the area.

Thirty Days. Continental began studying methods for insuring the health of the aged in the early 1950s, learned that the 65-and-above group contract remarkably few new diseases. "If you're going to get an ulcer or hypertension or cancer," says Dr. Clement G. Martin, Continental's

medical director, "you'll most likely get it between the ages of 18 and 55." Furthermore, some of the most prevalent ailments do not require extremely expensive hospital treatment. Continental found that 60% of the people 65 and over who become ill have a hospital confinement of 30 days or less, and in this time either mend or die.

In 1957 the company first began offering medical insurance for oldsters under its "65-Plus" plan, which carries benefits up to \$610 including surgeons' and physicians' fee, requires no physical examination, costs \$6.50 per month. To trim the costs of handling policies, Continental relies on a giant IBM 705 computer to do the figuring, pays only a \$1.75 commission on new policies (v. an industry-wide average of 20-30% of the first year's premiums), depends chiefly on newspaper ad coupons that prospects clip out and send in. Continental lumps all applicants in a state together, in effect handles the individual policies as if they were members of a group plan, thus spreading the risk and reducing the premium cost by as much as two-thirds.

Profit on Oldsters. Continental lost money on its original health-insurance plan (oldsters tend to wait until they have an ailment before taking out a policy). But as the number of policyholders in the over-65 age group increased, Continental made a 3% profit last year. In the trial areas for the new "5,000 Reserve" policy, more than 7,000 oldsters eagerly signed up, and in Illinois 27.2% of the 65-Plus policyholders applied for the larger plan as well. With ever-increasing volume, Continental argues that it can turn insurance for the aged into a profitable line.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Charles H. Kellstadt, 63, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co. since 1958, became board chairman and chief executive officer, replacing Fowler B. McConnell, 65, who retired after 44 years with the company. The new president will be Crowds Baker, 54, former vice president and comptroller. Kellstadt joined Sears in 1932. He was brought into the Chicago headquarters in 1946 as general retail merchandising manager, moved steadily up the ladder to a directorship in 1948 and vice-presidency the next year. In 1950 Kellstadt was appointed supervisor of Sears' southern region. At Sears business was never better. For the company year ending Jan. 31, Sears had sales of \$4,036,153,139, paid a record of \$2.64 per common share. This year Sears will spend \$77 million on expansion, open 15 new stores.

¶ Robert S. Oelman, 50, president of National Cash Register Co. since 1957, was named chief executive officer to succeed Board Chairman S. C. Allyn, 68, who will continue as board chairman until he retires in December 1961. Oelman has been groomed for top job ever since he was appointed Allyn's assistant in 1942.



PHIL SILVERS, CBS-TV STAR

Making a pile? If you're not, here's a heaping good idea that might give you a little extra to play with. Give the boss these facts. As the world's largest enamel printing paper specialist, Consolidated offers *finest* quality for *less*. When he specifies Consolidated Enamels for catalogs, brochures and other printed pieces, he makes a neat savings without sacrificing quality. Get free test sheets. Have your printer test them on your next printing order, comparing quality, performance, costs! Then have fun

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BOOKS

Of Ireland & Life

THROUGH STREETS BROAD AND NARROW (340 pp.)—Gabriel Fielding—Morrow (\$4.50).

In his *Confessions of a Young Man*, George Moore wrote: "Ireland is a fatal disease—fatal to Englishmen and doubly fatal to Irishmen." Moore's diagnosis lies at the heart of this exciting new novel by Gabriel Fielding, who, under his real name of Alan Barnsley, is a practicing British physician. In earlier books, *Brotherly Love* and *In the Time of Greenbloom*, Author Fielding dealt with the family background of John Blaydon, a British schoolboy, and carried him through an adolescent love affair. When the girl was brutally raped and murdered by a wandering psychopath,

due homage. One moment Groarke is an intimate friend; the next, a malicious intriguer, and the next, a drunkard hitting out with anarchic fury. Just as baffling is upper-crust Palgrave Chamberlyn-Flynn, who seems only a silly-ass clubman but whose character proves to have as many layers as an onion; ham-handed Jack Kerruish could not be anything more than an amiable athlete—or could he?

Coves & Cobbles. Blaydon's five years in Dublin end in a vast betrayal. Without a word, devious Dymphna drops him and marries someone else; trusted Mike Groarke not only sells Blaydon out but beats him and sneers, "You amused me when you didn't sicken me." Blaydon cannot even deal with a great omadhaun like Kerruish, who hoodwinks him with ease. When the ever-various Horab



NOVELIST FIELDING

Too much is written for lavatories and psychiatrists.

John's sanity was saved by Horab Greenbloom, a Jewish intellectual who is forever on the move—mentally, physically, metaphysically. But not even Greenbloom is able to prepare young John for Ireland.

Mountains of Mourne. Like many a Sassenach before him, Blaydon lands in Ireland expecting an easy conquest. After all, he is tall, dark-eyed, handsome, as capriciously intelligent and nearly as wordy as the Irish themselves. Descending on Dublin in the mid-1930s to study medicine, Blaydon does battle—on the beaches, in the fields, in the streets—with a succession of colleens. Beautiful Theresa has a voice as misty as the mountains of Mourne, and a heart hard enough to splinter Cuchulainn's sword. After another fruitless try, with a girl named Onagh, Blaydon comes to grips with Dymphna Uprichard (pronounced "Eweprichard"), a pale, leggy hoyden who adores wrestling by the hour in hallways and on sofas. But at critical moments, Dymphna invariably develops a sudden prudence.

Irish males prove equally elusive. Mike Groarke, as threadbare as he is arrogant, takes clothes, money and girls from Blaydon with the air of an emperor accepting

Greenbloom sweeps into Ireland, even he loses his sure footing among the slippery coves and cobbles of Dublin.

Author Fielding writes a torrential prose, and his imagist phrases, fabulous incident, antic characters and peripheral violence whip the story forward. He shares with the late Joyce Cary the belief that a novel's most important qualities are narrative and action. Too many writers, complains Fielding, fill their books "with things which rightly should be confined to their diaries, their lavatories or their psychiatrists." His greatest strength—dramatic invention—contributes to his greatest weakness: over-plotting.

Fielding's thematic point is that everything is unimportant except what makes a man suffer, and he makes his point well. At novel's end, with his nerve ends jumping like a field of grasshoppers, Blaydon flees home to England, to await the next volume of his saga. In parting from his friend-enemy, Groarke, Blaydon says accusingly: "You are Ireland, the same the English have been running their heads into for the past fifteen hundred years." Groarke answers: "No. I'm not like Ireland, I'm like life."

The Truth from Fools

THE WAYWARD COMRADE AND THE COMMISSARS (143 pp.)—Yurii Olesha—New American Library (35¢).

Boris and Yurii have a great deal in common, but they probably do not discuss it, even though, in the Writers' House on Moscow's Lavrushinsky Lane, they have apartments on the same floor. Boris Pasternak has been in serious trouble because of his Nobel Prize and the deep, Christian doubts he raised about Marxism in *Doctor Zhivago* (TIME, Dec. 15, 1958). Yurii Olesha's own run-in with the commissars goes back about three decades. The big difference between them is that Pasternak seems unrepentant, while Olesha's repentance has led him so far along the party trail that he can now turn out highly acceptable anti-U.S. propaganda. Yet Olesha once opposed Communism with such explicit passion as to make *Zhivago* seem like a gentle reproof.

In 1927 he wrote *Envoy*, a short novel that may be one of the true originals of Soviet fiction. It was an immediate popular and critical hit; *Pravda* praised it as "masterful" and "infinitely subtle." What must have baffled Olesha, and what is still baffling today, is that the commissars read it as an attack on "little people, petty bourgeois washed out of their lairs by the Revolution." It was in fact the opposite: a memorable attack on a system that crushed both the flesh and spirit of humanity. After Olesha published several other works, the commissars took a second look, and he was forced to recant in 1932. Nevertheless, his stories were out of print until the thaw after Stalin's death. Now published in the U.S., *Envoy* and the three short stories that fill out this 35¢ paperback make first-rate reading.

Final Parade. The heroes of *Envoy* are exquisitely fashioned for the roles of victims. Nikolai Kavalero and Ivan Babichev have become ne'er-do-wells who can barely breathe, let alone prosper, in the new Russia. Both are short and fat, broke and ludicrously dressed, and much too fond of beer. They are dreamers and, even worse, scoffers.

An engineer who never works at his profession, Kavalero's pal Ivan has taken to haranguing crowds in beer halls, exhorting the regime for destroying human feelings. Picked up and questioned by the GPU, he proclaims: "I believe that many human feelings are scheduled for liquidation." The interrogator: "Such as?" Ivan: "Pity, tenderness, pride, jealousy, love—in a word, almost all the feelings of which the human soul was made up. I want to organize a final parade of those feelings."

A fine state of mutual contempt exists between the subversive team of Ivan Kavalero and the living symbols of the new order, Andrei Babichev and his protégé Volodia. Babichev is Ivan's brother, a revolutionary who has been rewarded with the directorship of the Food Industry Trust. He is a glutton whose finest efforts go into the creation of a salami so good, so cheap, so nutritious that it will win at

JULY 28, 1945...



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an international exposition. His idea of a conversational gambit is: "Do you like olives?"

Human Machine. But Babichev is not all bad. He has taken Kavalero into his house out of pity for a helpless tippler, and tells himself that in the new era "not all feeling is doomed." Volodia is the real horror—a rugged, athletic subman who despises emotion and can write to his mentor: "I am a human machine. You won't recognize me..." The contest between the human machine and the two dreamers is unequal; for Kavalero and Ivan, the only victories are oral, and they subside into a world of fantasy in which decency and humanity go out in a brave show of courage.

Even in translation, Olesha's writing is crammed with unexpected turns of humor and fantasy, tenderness and sweet despair. Because he made his heroes ineffectual drifters, he was at first able to deceive *Pravda* and the party critics; but it is plain that his fools speak the truth.

As he goes down to his defeat, Ivan dreams of a characteristic revenge: he has invented a supermachine, he says, that can do anything. In a flash, it could bring about the perfection of the new Utopia. But his machine will not obey tomorrow's masters. It will fool them, like Author Olesha. While the bosses will expect it to work mechanical marvels, "What will it actually do, their idol, the machine?" It will sing our love songs, the silly love songs of the dying century, and gather the flowers of the past era. It will fall in love, become jealous, cry, dream."

Dialogues with Death

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE (272 pp.)
—Peter S. Beagle—Viking (\$3.95).

Although the 20th century has perfected abundant death to match its abundant life, it is deficient in literary spooks—apart from Thorne Smith's thanatopsis Topper. In a first novel that is both sepulchral and oddly appealing, Author Beagle sets out to make good the omission. His tale is a muted, wistful love story that takes tone and title from Andrew Marvel's wry lines *To His Coy Mistress*:

*The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.*

The hero is a small, grey pharmacist named Jonathan Rebeck who took fright at the world 19 years before and hid out in a Bronx cemetery. Dodging caretakers and sleeping in a mausoleum, amusing himself by reading and working out chess problems, he has found armistice, if not peace. Jonathan Rebeck sees and talks with ghosts, but his only live companion is a truculent raven who steals food for him, and whose conversation runs more to "The hell you say" than "Nevermore."

As the book opens, Rebeck is gnawing a baloney the raven has liberated ("Damn near ruptured myself," the bird complains), but his meal is disturbed by a funeral procession. When the mourners have left and the newest ghost has learned to free himself from his coffin, Rebeck



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by
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Established 1849



Fellow in our Kentucky county boasted he was the only man in the world who could crack a "hickernut" between his gums.

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explains to him what he knows of being dead. A ghost cannot touch or feel, grow tired or hungry. His human form and personality persist for a few weeks until he forgets the substance of his life—first, perhaps, the sound of a subway train, then his address, finally his name. The ghost, who was a professor named Michael Morgan until his wife (as he claims) poisoned him, vows noisily to cling to life. Then he realizes in terror that Rebeck is right—he has already forgotten Swinburne.

As the novel progresses, Morgan slowly comes to accept death, while Rebeck once again accepts the fact of life. The plot tends to unravel, rather than unwind, but even the spectral characters are vivid, and their collisions are often touching and funny—particularly when women are involved. Morgan entwines with a shade named Laura, who has left her body behind with relief, while Rebeck meets a sensible Brooklyn widow, who tries to lead him back to reality, if that's what Brooklyn can be called.

Author Beagle, 20, has written a wry dialogue with death that may contain no large lump of wisdom but offers a fair selection of small ones. Except for an occasional lapse of taste (a coffin is a "worm Automaton"), his ectoplasmic fable has a distinct, mossy charm.

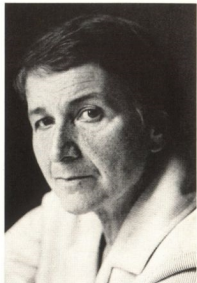
Situation Tragedy

THE PLANETARIUM (296 pp.)—*Nathalie Sarraute—Braziller* (\$4).

Although France's "New Realists" form one of the few distinct literary schools to appear since World War II the movement is neither wholly new nor wholly realistic. In its preoccupation with the subsoil of the mind, it owes much to Joyce and Proust, and in its meticulous focusing on reality it often achieves unreal effects—just as a section of skin under a microscope does not look like skin but like a lunar landscape. Despite frequent stretches of dullness, the New Realist writers are sometimes fascinating because they have moved away from the facile psychology and sociology that filled so much fiction in the '30s and '40s; their characters seep to float through the vast emptiness of society like planets close to collision.

The latest novel by Nathalie Sarraute, queen of the New Realists, has a plot so simple as to be almost invisible: Will Newlyweds Alain and Gisèle succeed in forcing widowed Aunt Berthe to let them have her spacious five-room apartment? Will Alain be accepted in the salon of a famed writer? But the style is as complex as the plot is simple. Author Sarraute plunges deep into the interior dialogue of first one and then another character, while the reader, like a cryptographer, is expected to find clues of identity where he can.

In a self-contained opening chapter, Aunt Berthe is on a roller coaster of feminine suspense as decorators install a new oval door in her luxurious apartment. First she is uplifted as she decides the door is even more beautiful than she imagined; then she is drained of confidence, as it seems to have a "faked, added-on



Sabine Weiss-Rapho
NOVELIST SARRAUTE

Skillful pressing on the neurotic nerve.

look," and she suspects that "there's some cold-blooded will, some sly malevolence" behind it.

These silent screams of despair and soundless shouts of joy are what interest Author Sarraute. When Alain, launched on a long, funny story, realizes in mid-speech that his listeners are becoming bored, he cannot decide whether to abandon the story or blunder on to its now flat conclusion. When Gisèle's jovial mother wants to surprise the newlyweds with a gift of leather chairs and discovers that the gift is unwanted, self-pity drowns her. Everyday crises of this sort are strangely reminiscent of what in TV parlance is known as "situation comedy," except that the meaning here is dead serious—adding up to a type of literature that might be called situation tragedy.

In describing these tiny embarrassments, contests of will, vain attempts to please, Author Sarraute puts them under a microscope and painstakingly focuses and refocuses it till they are seen absolutely clearly but magnified a hundredfold. The character-specimens are so hypersensitive to each passing emotion that in real life they would probably need to seek asylum—or take up writing New Realist novels on their own. But Author Sarraute's skillful pressing on the neurotic nerve is bound to awaken shocks of recognition in the persevering reader, suggesting, among other things, that no man is a hero to his subconscious.

The Last Trumpet

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR (468 pp.)—*Theodore H. White—Sloane* (\$4.95).

Humpty Dumpty is one of the unsung muses. While a rise to eminence frequently appears studied, seemingly, and something of a bore, the fall of a man, an enterprise, or a reputation is often nakedly dramatic.

Fictionally speaking, a great failure can be a stunning success.

The Humpty Dumpty that plummets in this virtually guaranteed bestseller (Literary Guild selection for June; movie rights sold to Gary Cooper for \$85,000) is *Trumpet*, a magazine suspiciously like the late *Collier's*, on which Theodore White served as a senior writer. Unfortunately, White's neon-lit prose and tickertape pace do little to dignify the story.

Banks v. Marines. What spells doom for *Trumpet* is its balance sheet. No one knows this better than its president, John Ridgely Warren, an aging wonder boy with a Roman nose, whose past careers have rocketed and fizzled like Roman candles. "Ridge" Warren has beefed up *Trumpet's* circulation, but the magazine's advertising is a sickly trickle, its creditors are edgy, and the bank is poised to snip its credit life line. Two-thirds of *View* centers on Ridge's hectic bids to bring the marines of high finance to the rescue.

Ridge's trouble is that he has a menace on the board of directors in the person of Wheeler-Dealer Walter J. Morrissey, a man to whom a convertible is not a car but a debenture. Morrissey wants to fold *Trumpet* and its sister magazine, *Gentlewoman*, and save the firm's other, money-making divisions, thereby boosting the company stock and setting up a multi-million-dollar capital gain for himself. In the *Collier* situation, *Gentlewoman* was *Woman's Home Companion*, and the Morrissey role was played by smooth Financier J. Patrick Lannan, who with other industrialists held debentures convertible into 600,000 shares of common stock at \$5 a share. The week *Collier's* folded, the stock sold for around \$5, currently sells for about \$25. In the novel Ridge Warren (who little resembles *Collier's* Chairman-President-Editor Paul Smith) has a potential million-dollar stock option himself and is constantly torn between profit and principle.

Nothing to Soy. One reason Ridge can scarcely hear the inner voice of conscience is that Author White's characters come equipped with megaphones. No one talks; everyone blasts out endless editorials—on the evils of TV, Republicans, Democrats, the American Dream—not excluding Ridge's raven-haired ex-wife, at whom Ridge makes embarrassing faux-passes throughout the novel. Ridge puts the finger on *Trumpet's* fatal lack—"It had nothing left to say"—but scarcely lifts an editorial finger to remedy the situation.

View is clogged to the tear ducts with loyal lifelong employees waiting for the last *Trumpet* to sound. On Author White's showing, it is hard to see why they were ever hired. The managing editor is a choleric refugee from *The Front Page*, whose English is baser than basic ("Crapola! Crapola! Crapola!"). As a *roman à clef*, or key-to-reality-novel, the book unlocks some fairly intriguing trade gossip. But as literature, *View from the Fortieth Floor* lacks a consistent viewpoint, simply upends a wastebasket of facts and scans the litter like tea leaves of doom.

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A Message from the Publisher of LIFE

***“What has happened to
We dozed, slept and
There no longer sounds
speaking our mutual***

More than anything else, it seems, the American people need and want right now a clear sense of National Purpose.

Some leaders say we should “sacrifice” more than we do; work harder, pay higher taxes. But for what? By sacrificing and by working and by paying, what is it we expect to achieve? Will greater efforts achieve Peace? What kind of Peace? And what do we do with Peace when we get it?

All over the land, LIFE correspondents tell us, Americans are asking questions like these—because they know the answers are vitally important to them *personally*: to their lives, their jobs, their families, their communities, their futures.

And so, this week, LIFE will try to reappraise many of the great statements of Purpose which have inspired Americans since the Declaration of Independence was written in 1776. LIFE will show many of the people who have embodied a National Purpose in the past, many of the places where a National Purpose has made itself manifest.

*the American Dream?
it abandoned us.
a unifying voice
hope and will.”* **William Faulkner**

In the four following issues this major series will continue as a distinguished group of thoughtful Americans revise, restate or reapply those statements to the radically changed situation in which we find ourselves in this world of 1960. Among them are Adlai Stevenson, Archibald MacLeish, David Sarnoff, Walter Lippmann and Billy Graham.

LIFE is proud to announce that *The New York Times* and other leading newspapers across the country will join with LIFE in making the need for a definition of the National Purpose known.

And more than this: LIFE invites all its readers to share in this endeavor.

Whether you feel yourself a great scholar or a homemade philosopher, whether you are a presidential candidate or a humble voter—LIFE invites you all to read carefully, think hard and then speak out clearly. In its pages LIFE will try to provide a forum for your views.

C. D. JACKSON, *Publisher*

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Hiroshima, Mon Amour. From the ashes of Hiroshima and the revivifying love of a French actress and a Japanese architect, Director Alain Resnais has woven the acknowledged masterpiece of the New Wave in French cinema—a film that is part elegy, part spring song.

Flame Over India. An ingenious script-writer tricks out a trek through the rebellious India of 1905 with such assorted jaws of death, nicks of time, and ours-not-to-reason-why, that the eastern may become as popular as the western.

Pollyanna. Walt Disney's best live-action movie to date sticks to the original lachrymose plot like warm icing to a sugar bun, tells the simpering story of the horrid little prig (intelligently acted by 13-year-old Hayley Mills) whose armor of cheerfulness and joy remains impervious to the sniffling end.

The Battle of the Sexes. Thurbur's *The Catbird Seat*, wondrously transmogrified by a queer breed of cat: Actor Peter Sellers, as a timorous Edinburgh clerk, is determined to murder an American efficiency expert (Constance Cummings) who threatens his inky way of life.

I'm All Right, Jack. Sellers again, looking like a fanatical potato as he plays a zealous shop steward in a satire whose edges nick both capital and labor.

Conspiracy of Hearts. In a film that uses every known device to strap its audience with suspense, Lilli Palmer is the mother superior of an Italian convent where Jewish children—escapes from a Nazi concentration camp—are sheltered.

TELEVISION

Wed., May 18

Presidential Mission (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.).* John Daly and his ABC team at the summit conference.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). Rod Serling's *In the Presence of Mine Enemies* takes place in the Warsaw ghetto during World War II. With Charles Loughton, Arthur Kennedy and Sam Jaffe.

Thurs., May 19

Presidential Mission (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Summit.

Buick Electra Playhouse (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). The series dramatizing the works of Ernest Hemingway continues with *The Gambler*, *The Nun* and *The Radio*. The 1933 story of a wounded man in a Montana hospital, in which Hemingway makes one of his rare philosophical observations: "Bread is the opium of the people." With Richard Conte, Eleanor Parker.

Journey to Understanding (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Frank McGee, Joseph C. Harsch, Edwin Newman at the summit.

Fri., May 20

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). David Schoenbrun, Eric Sevareid, Howard K. Smith and others at the summit too.

Sat., May 21

The Preckness (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). From Maryland's Pimlico comes the second of the Triple Crown horse races.

* All times E.D.T.

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Back inside Africa.
Journey to Understanding (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Summit.

Sun., May 22

College News Conference (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Guest: G. Mennen Williams.

The Catholic Hour (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). American morality is under scrutiny.

World Championship Golf (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Cary Middlecoff and Jim Ferree at Harder Hall, Schriber, Fla.

Presidential Mission (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). Summit.

Time Present: Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). More summity.

The George Gobel Show (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Guest: Lola Albright.

Mon., May 23

The Dow Hour of Great Mysteries (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Walter Slezak and Siobhan McKenna in Wilkie Collins' *The Woman in White*.

Tues., May 24

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Carol Haney, Alan King.

THEATER

On Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie. A rampaging musical about a pelviod crooner (Dick Gautier) and the howling but engaging pack of teen-agers who pursue him. As staged by Gower Champion, the show is fresh, playful, lustily breezy. With Chita Rivera, Dick Van Dyke, Kay Medford.

Duel of Angels. The last of Jean Giraudoux's plays (adapted by Christopher Fry) is an ironic toast of farewell; cold champagne served by a cold, elegant hand. As an errant lady who convinces a topeure Lucrece that she has been raped, Vivien Leigh is at her best.

The Best Man. In a hectic political convention, Playwright Gore Vidal shuffles his cardboard characters with dexterity, but since no issue is ever mentioned, they could just as well be competing for the presidency of a cement company.

Toys in the Attic. A ne'er-do-well comes into money, distressing the women who have fed him—and fed on his weakness. Playwright Lillian Hellman writes with all her old astrigency, and the actors—Jason Robards Jr., Maureen Stapleton, Irene Worth, Anne Revere—are excellent.

The Tenth Man. Paddy Chayefsky's thoroughly original exercise in exorcism.

The Miracle Worker. William Gibson's dramatization of Helen Keller's childhood is memorable theater, largely because of the rousing performances of Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft.

Off Broadway

Henry IV, Part 2. The Phoenix Theater proves that the adventures of Falstaff, Prince Hal and Mistress Quickly deserve more attention than they generally get.

The Prodigal. In one of the season's most original works, Playwright Jack Richardson turns the Orestes legend into a mocking, modern statement.

The Balcony. To France's Jean Genet, the world is a great, squamous bordello, and his play argues with convincing irony in support of this notion.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Affair. by C. P. Snow. The eighth novel in the author's projected eleven-volume cycle on Britain's New Men uses a scientific scandal to set off a typically reflective, genteel—and slow-moving—discussion of one of the dilemmas of power: how to judge not, yet still do justice.

Venetian Red. by P. M. Pasinetti. The canals of Venice are mocking mirrors of human folly in this very first novel, whose author weaves his comments on Italy into a tale of two fascinating families.

Food for Centaurs. by Robert Graves. In a remarkably varied collection of poems, essays and stories, joyfully cantankerous Author Graves footfoots it, in his words, at "full-speed in the wilder regions of my own, some say crazy, head."

The Sign of Taurus. by William Field. A curious novel in which the astronomical notions of an old Polish countess are mixed with exuberant descriptions of Mexico's sights and sounds; the result, happily, is a triumph of Mexico over metaphysics.

The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Vol. III, Salvation 1944-1946. Written in bold, eloquent prose that serves as an admirable carriage for the author's honesty and sense of destiny, this third and last volume of memoirs is a revealing testament to the man and his country.

The Leopard. by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. An ironic, moving, melancholy elegy to the last century's aristocratic life—a major fictional creation.

A Distant Trumpet. by Paul Horgan. The author sounds the charge across a well-described, wide-screen landscape as the U.S. cavalry once again pursues the Apache guerrilla Geronimo.

The Roguish World of Dr. Brinkley. by Gerald Carson. A sparkling biography of the quack who became a millionaire with his radio-advertised promise that old men, through good-gland implants, could become potent old menaces.

The Kremlin. by David Douglas Duncan. A superb photographic study.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)*
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (7)
4. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (4)
5. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (6)
6. *Trustee from the Toolroom*, Shute (3)
7. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa
8. *Clea*, Durrell (5)
9. *Mrs. 'Arris Goes to New York*, Gallico
10. *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw (9)

NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *The Law and the Profits*, Parkinson (3)
4. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy (4)
5. *Act One*, Hay (7)
6. *I Kid You Not*, Paar
7. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (6)
8. *Born Free*, Adamson (8)
9. *The Joy of Music*, Bernstein
10. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (10)

* Position on last week's list.

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